

## A CELEBRATED LAW CASE

One evening two gentlemen were walking down the avenue after the performance at the theatre. They observed a well-dressed lady walking ahead of them. One of the gentlemen turned to the other and idly remarked, "I'd give \$50 to spend the night with that lady."

To the surprise of both men, the young lady over heard the conversation and turned around and walked up to the gentleman who made the remark and said, "I'll take you up on that." She seemed well educated and her voice was very pleasing, so after bidding his companion good night, the gentleman accompanied the young lady to her apartment and they were soon in bed. In the morning, after a pleasant night, spent in the arms of his beautiful amarata, upon leaving the apartment, the man presented her with \$25, saying that was all he could give her and laughed when she remonstrated; "If you don't give me the rest of the money, I will sue you for it." "I'd like to see you sue me on that grounds," laughed the man as he went on his way.

So, he was very much amused and surprised when he was summoned to court as a defendant in a suit and hurrying to his lawyer, he laid the facts of the case before him and the lawyer said, "She can't possibly get a judgment against you, but it will be an interesting case." And so the two of them went off to court. After the usual preliminaries, the young lady's lawyer addressed the court saying, "Your Honor, my client, the young lady here, is the owner of a certain piece of garden lot and shrubbery which she agreed to turn over to the defendant for a certain length of time, to put complete possession of this certain piece of garden lot and shrubbery and used it extensively for the purpose for which he hired it, but upon vacating the premises he paid my client only one half of the stipulated sum, namely \$25.

The defendant's lawyer was highly interested and smused at the way his opponent had presented his case and when he got up to argue for his client, he said, "Your Honor, my worthy opponent was very brief in presenting his case, and I will also be brief in my defense. My client agrees that the young lady has a very fine piece of garden lot and shrubbery, which he rented from her for a certain length of time, for which he agreed to pay her the sum of \$50, and also agreed that he moved upon this property and used it continually for almost the whole length of time, and it gave him great pleasure to do so. Your Honor, my client found upon this certain piece of garden lot and shrubbery a well, around the opening of which he placed stones, and in which he sunk a shaft and erected a pump. Your honor, we claim that these improvements were worth the \$25.00 which my client failed to pay to the young lady. So we ask that the judgment not be granted." Whereupon he then rested his defense.

The young lady's lawyer again addressed the court. "Your honor, my client agrees that the defendant found a well upon this certain piece of garden lot and shrubbery, and that he did place stones around the opening of it and that he sunk a shaft and erected a pump, but your honor, my client states that had the defendant not known that this well existed there, he wouldn't have leased the property and also upon vacating the property he removed the stones from the well, took away the pump and pulled out the shaft, and now that the hole is quite larger, little children are liable to drop in or out. Therefore, your honor, we ask for the judgment of \$25.

AND SHE GOT IT!

GOVERNMENT MAN

The year is 1950. A law has been passed by the Government requiring every couple married five years, to have a child. If unable to bear children, a Government man is sent to their home to visit the wife and be the means of her becoming a Mother.

There are no babies in this family and it is the morning of their fifth anniversary and the husband speaks; Well, goodbye, dear, I'm off for the office. I suppose that Government man will be here shortly. (The husband leaves with bowed head.) The wife pretties herself and powders her nose just as the doorbell rings. She answers, thinking it is the Government man, and in reality it is a baby photographer who has come to talk the lady of the house into buying a baby picture.

Wife; Oh, good morning

Man ; How do you do? You probably do not know me, I represent the \_\_\_\_\_

Wife: You need not explain Mr.

Man: Jones is the name, Madam, and I make a speciality of ~~the~~

Wife: Yes, of course, I know. It is quite all right. Won't you sit down?

Man: Your husband is agreeable I suppose

Wife: Oh yes, we both decided it was the best thing to do

Man: Well, in that case I may as well get busy.

Wife: I'm not familiar with the way you do it. Just where do you start?

Man: Just leave that to me Madam I recommend two in the bath tub and one on the couch, and a couple on the floor.

Wife: Good gosh, bath-tub, floor?

Man: Well, my dear lady, even the best of us can't get a good one all the time, but out of six, one of them is bound to be a honey. I usually have the best luck with the tub shot.

Wife: You'll forgive me, but this does seem a little informal.

Man: The charm of the whole thing is in the informality. Perhaps you'd like to see some samples of my work.

Wife: Sample. Well, I suppose so. After all, there's no hurry is there?

Man: No indeed, that's all right. In my line, a man can't do his best work in a hurry. (Opens his album and shows it to her.) Look at this baby. It is a good job and took four hours but isn't it a honey.

Wife: Yes, indeed. A lovely child.

Man: But for a tough assignment look at this one. Believe it or not, it was done on top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

Wife: A Fifth Avenue Bus?

Man: It's really not hard when you know how, and when a man in my line knows how, his work is really a pleasure. Now, here's a shot that was made a Macy's at high noon. Yes sir, one shot.

Wife: Well, even one shot at Macy's does seem a little public.

Man: Well, there's a little secret about that. The mother of the child was a movie actress and needed a little publicity. And did she get it! But the most difficult job I ever did in my career was this (he shows her a picture of twins)

Wife: Oh, twins.

Man, Yes, the handsomest boys you ever saw. I knocked that job out at Central Park.

Wife: Goodness.

Man, Yes, Madam, it took from two in the afternoon until five. I never worked under more difficult circumstances. What with people four or five deep pushing and crowding to get a look.

Wife: People four and five deep?

Man: Yes, people everywhere. Just imagine, more than three hours under handicaps like that. Two cops helped us. I could have gotten another shot or two more before dark but the squirrels got to gnawing at my equipment. (Then the lady fainted.)

### A LANCASTER COUNTY EPISODE

Now all of you men and you maidens give heed,  
I'll tell you a very strange story indeed:  
The story of Jacob, the Amisher man,  
And Tillie, the pride of the Amisher clan.  
The Amisher folk are a people most odd,  
They worship a stern and particular God,  
They think that He's pleased with their fashion in dress,  
Their suits are all sober and much out of press;  
Their hair in long ringlets hangs down on their ears  
For they hold it a sin to use razor or shears.

The Amish are staid and fanatical folks  
Who frown upon gaiety, laughter and jokes,  
Their young folks they watch with a discipline stern,  
No dances or shows, lest in Hell they should burn;  
No parties or rides, and no liquor or song,  
The poor dears are ~~very~~ guarded too well to go wrong.  
But one pleasant custom they leave them instead--  
The Amisher young do their courting in bed.

But even this joy with much anguish is mixed  
For always their nighties are carefully fixed  
And when the young spooners are put into bed,  
Their nighties are sewed with the strongest of thread.  
Sewed collar and bottom, and won't come undone,  
And though the warm petting may be lots of fun,  
No more from the young folks is ever expected--  
Through flannelette nighties they can't get connected.  
And then in the morning the old folks with care  
Examine the stitches to see they're still there.  
It's thought that the warmth of each thwarted caress  
Trains petters their fleshly desires to suppress.  
It's "Bundling" they call this deplorable game;  
For my part I call it a hell of a shame.

Now Jacob with Tillie each night  
And his life was a mixture of pain and delight  
For Tillie, his loved and adorable one,  
Was prim and sedate, but had "it" by the ton.  
That baby had dimples and pouting red lips,  
And cute little bosoms and free-wheeling hips.  
A model of pious propriety, but--  
She carried herself with a swing and strut,  
And ~~bundling~~ bundling with Tillie, so tempting and sweet,  
Would make old St. Anthony feel indiscreet  
And so, when poor Jacob on Tillie did call  
From grappling and panting, he slept not at all

How could the poor boy remain wholly at ease  
When he felt the soft rub of her nipples and knees?  
The youth his initials would bite in her neck,

And rise in the morning an absolute wreck.  
He'd feel full and shakey, and dizzy and weak,  
And his flanelette nightie he's wash in the creek  
And Tillie, poor maiden, got quivery nerves  
When Jacob caressed her posterior curves.  
And though for Amisher it seemed mighty flighty  
She longed to be married and rid of her nightie.  
But the old people, placid, resisted youth's fires.  
They said, "Let them learn to control their desires;  
Such things as a wedding should never be hurried,  
We bundled three years before we were married."

Jacob grew nervous and jumpy and pale,  
He lost his red cheeks and his appetite hale,  
And Jacob's poor ~~boy~~ soul in a struggle was torn  
Until the poor boy wished he'd never been born  
He pondered on Heaven, but then thought with sighs  
Of a much closer Heaven between Tillies thighs.

Then up spoke this desperate Amisher man  
"Now church or no church, I've stood all I can."  
And so the next time that bundling he went  
He war armed with a wicked and evil intent.  
And that he might better accomplish his sin,  
He carried sharp scissors tied next to his skin.

That night Tillie's mother, with needle and thread,  
Made daughter and Jacob all safe for their bed.  
And when both their nighties were properly sewed  
Downstairs to her husband the old lady strode,  
To nod by the fire, while the young folks above  
Indulged in their innocent Amisher love.  
They clung and they kissed and they kissed and they clung,  
These bundlers of love-famished Amisher young.  
And when Jacob kissed Tillie, and when lip met lip,  
The scissors came out, and the scissors went "snip".

Now downfrom the bedroom there suddenly beat  
A blast of most torrid and withering heat.  
When chuckled father, while mopping his face,  
"With Jacob here bundling he heats up the place."  
Now what's the connection that caused to rock  
The house like an earth quake with shock upon shock?  
What causes the bedstead to reel and to lurch?  
That's Jacob and Tillie deserting the church.

Wild started the parents, upsetting their chairs  
In wrath and in anguish, they sprinted upstairs.  
They ran and they shouted, but sad to relate  
They found they'd arrived ~~all~~ altogether too late.  
Jacob had gone through the window hell-bent,  
And taken the pane and the sash as he went,  
And Tillie? Well, Tillie looked mussed and amazed  
And naughty and naked and happy and dazed.  
And the father grabbed up, with a curse and a roar  
Two nighties, ripped bottom to top, from the floor.

A stern, rigid folk are the Amisher race  
They think pecadillos a lasting disgrace.  
They wouldn't let Tillie and Jacob be wed,  
They wanted to see him well punished instead.  
They prayed the Lord's vengeance on Jacob, and then  
When his vengeance tarried, they sought that of man.

But ever the Amisher are peaceful and mild,  
Their tenents forbid them a violence wild,  
And since to a shotgun they could not resort,  
They used the offender and hauled him to court.  
They charged him with riot, seduction and rape,  
With breaking the window and midnight escape,  
Indecent exposure, disturbing ~~and~~ the peace,  
And causing their daughter's menstruation to cease.

The court heard the witnesses one after one,  
Tell mean things of Jacob and what he had done,  
The medical evidence plainly displayed  
That Jake had left Tillie no longer a maid.

But Tillie said frankly she needed slight urgin'  
When Jacob had made her a used-to-be virgin.  
And then his grave Honor, the while that his eye  
Held a twinkle, not wholly judicial, but sly,  
Said, "It seems to this court this is not a clear case  
Of rape by a rude and unwelcome embrace;  
But still the defendant is not wholly blameless.  
You're aware, Jake, you've done what you really should not,"  
"Yes Judge," said poor Jake, "But I really got hot."  
And the judge with his gravity fought down his smile  
And when he had decently pondered awhile,  
"It appears" said the court, with judicial oration,  
"That herein are features of great provocation,  
How Jake being only a man could resist,  
The court doesn't see, so the case is dismissed."  
But there the Judge paused and rapped loud with his gavel  
Since Tillie will seemingly soon be in travel  
The court makes their order, which all must obey,  
That Tillie and Jacob be wedded this day."

Now all you men and you maidens have heard  
My long story through to the very last word.  
And now the conclusion is happy and short,  
The young folks were wed by decree of the court.  
Their rapture attaining by sanction of the law,  
And nighties disdaining, they slept in the raw.

4 January 1944

"PURE AND SIMPLE"

The Good Girl left this mortal sphere,  
And went to Heaven straight;  
Saint Peter stood with keys in hand  
Right by that pearly gate.

He looked that maiden o're with care,  
Then said, "We'd like to know  
What kind of life you always led,  
While on earth below.

"Of course, you've lived in recent times  
When things were pretty fast,  
So tell us now in full detail,  
The history of your past."

This maid had been a model girl,  
And she answered with a grin:  
"My record is so very good,  
I'm sure you'll let me in.

"I never smoked in all my life.  
Nor did I drink, by heck;  
I'll swear on Bibles ten feet high  
I didn't pet or neck,"

The Old Saint stopped her then and there,  
"Come in, fair friend," he said  
"But tell me what delayed you so long,  
YOU'VE BEEN A LONG TIME DEAD."

Instantly she cried to the people, "You wouldn't look so pleased with yourself if you knew what I'm thinking."

"See? I do know what you're thinking. I heard you people, getting thinking that all these new young ladies in town

YOU MEET TO PESADES SPATIAPP  
THE GOOD GUY TELL THE WORLD IT'S ABUSE

ALICE AND BIRGER

4 JANUARY 1944

4 January 1944

Col. Patootie came home earlier than usual one evening and his wife asked him not to turn on the light as she had a terrible headache and the light would hurt her eyes! He took off his coat in the dark and started taking off his shoes when his wife suggested that he go to the drugstore and get something for her headache. So he put the clothes on and went to the drugstore.  
"Gee, I always thought you were a soldier,"

"I am," replied the Colonel.

"Then," asked the druggist, "why are you wearing the sailor coat?"

E GODIVA ON A SEA HORSE

The beautiful army hostess thought she could take a nude swim in the lake at the army camp while the boys were drilling and nobody was nearby.

But a rookie on K.P. duty came down to the lake to scoop up some water and saw her clothes on the bank. He sat and watched. The water was pretty chilly and she got colder and colder but stayed submerged to her neck.

Finally, when her teeth were chattering, she found an old dish pan half buried in the mud. Digging it out, she held it in front of her like a shield and marched ashore.

Indignantly she cried to the rookie, "You wouldn't look so pleased with yourself if you knew what I'm thinking."

"But I do know what you're thinking," said the rookie.  
"You're thinking that old dish pan's got a bottom in it!"

## "FOUR PROMINENT BASTARDS ARE WE"

### The Banker

I'm a most important figure in these Democratic States,  
I'm a dandy demonstration of hereditary traits;  
As the children of the baker bake the most expensive breads,  
As the sons of Cassanova fill the most exclusive beds,  
As the Barrymores, the Roosevelts and others I could name,  
Inherited the qualities that perpetuate their fame,  
My position of the apex of society I owe,  
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago,  
My father was a gentleman, and musical to boot,  
He used to play piano in a house of ill repute,  
The madam was a lady and a credit to her cult,  
She liked my pappy's playing and I was the result.  
So my mammy and my pappy are the ones I have to thank,  
For the fact that I'm the Chairman of the City's leading bank.

### The Broker

In a cozy little farm house nestled in a wooden dell,  
A dear old fashioned farmer, and his daughter used to dwell,  
She was pretty, she was charming, she was tender, she was mild,  
And her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.  
The year her hospitality attained a record high,  
She became the happy mammy of an infant which was I.  
Whenever she was gloomy I would always make her grin,  
By childishly inquiring who my pappy might have been;  
Now the hired man was favored by the girls in mammy's set,  
And a travelling man from Scranton was an even money bet -  
But such were mammy's amours and such was her allure,  
That even Roger Babson wasn't altogether sure,  
Well, I took my mammy's morals and I took my pappy's crust,  
And grew to be the founder of a big investment trust.

### The Senator

On a lousy county chain gang on a dusty southern road  
My late lamented daddy had his permanent abode.  
Now some were there for stealing - but daddy's only fault,  
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault;  
His philosophy was simple and free from moral tape,  
Seduction is for sissies - a he man wants his rape,  
And though daddy's list of victims was embarrassingly rich,  
And one of them was mother - he couldn't tell me which,  
Well, I never went to college but I got a degree,  
I reckon I'm a model of a perfect S.O.B.  
I'm a debit to my country but a credit to my dad,  
I'm the most expensive senator this nation ever had,  
I remember daddy's warning that raping is a crime,  
Unless you rape the voters, a million at a time.

### You and Me

A necessary figure in these Democratic States,  
I'm a pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits-  
As the children of policemen have the flattest kind of feet,  
As the daughter of a hustler has a wiggle in her seat,  
My position at the bottom of society I owe,  
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago;  
My father was a married man, and what is even more -  
He was married to my mother, a fact which I deplore;  
I was born in holy wedlock - consequently bye and bye,  
I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye;  
I invested, I deposited, I voted every Fall,  
And if I saved a penny, why those bastards took it all;  
At last I've learned a lesson, I'm on the proper track,  
I'm a self-appointed bastard and I'm going to get it back!

## ITALIAN'S STORY

You know, I don't lak that Baltimore worth a sheet. They don' got any hospitality. Thees morning I go to the coffee shop for my breakfast. I tol' the girl, "Lady, I want two piece toast." What you think? She bring me one piece toast. I say, "Lady, I want two peice."

She say, "If you want to peece, go to toilet."

I say, "Please, lady, you don' understand; I want two piece on my plate."

She say, "Don' you peece on your plate, you son-of-a-beach."

I no see that lady before in all my life. I don' eat where they call me a son-of-a-beach. I walk out.

I go to Belvedere for my dinner and the lady bring me the spoon, knife, and napkin, but don' bring me the foork. I say, "Lady, I wanna foork."

She say, "What you talk? Everybody wanna foork."

I say, "You don' understand, I wanna foork on the table." She say, "You don' care where you foork, you son-of-a-beech."

So I figure I don' eat. I go to my room to go to bed.

I go to my room. I no gotta sheet on my bed, so I 'phone manager that I wanna sheet.

He say, "If you wanna sheet, you go to bathroom."

I tol' heem, "I don' wanna sheet in bathroom. I wanna sheet bed."

He say, "Don' you sheet on bed, you son-of-a-beech."

I decide to check out. I go down to check out and pay my bill and tell that Baltimore man I gonna check out and go to Washington. He say, "Well, my fren", goodbye and peace on you."

I say, "Peace on you, you son-of-a-beech," because I am so mad in my face I feel lak I can whip any man twice my heavy and two times my old. I no lika Baltimore!!!

A lovely American girl was much annoyed by the continuous attentions of three Sailors. One, an American, another an Englishman and the third, an Irishman. Finally, in exasperation, she asked all three of them to call on her and she would settle the whole matter. They came. She went into the room and closed the door. In her hand she held a small box. She said "I am going to drop this bomb; the man who loves me will stay in this room with me when it explodes, and he is the one I will marry." She dropped the box. The Englishman jumped out the window, The American knocked the door down and ran. The Irishman sat still, with an embarrassed look on his face! "Well", said the girl, "you didn't move, did you Pat?" "No Maam," answered Pat, "But me bowels did!

An aviator's girl friend requested the qualifications that she must possess in order that she be satisfactory to him. He replies as follows:

Dear Hair Craft:

In reference to your letter, you must possess the following qualifications:

1. You must be trim, neat, well streamlined, built for speed and performance.
2. You shall have twin magnetos, with sensitive points, firm in position and neat in appearance.
3. You must allow me to use a feeler gauge and check your points at any time I wish to do so.
4. At such inspections the cowling will be removed so that a thorough inspection may be made.
5. Your cockpit will be well heated and snug at all times.
6. I will at no time wear a flying suit.
7. I will be the only pilot to enter your cockpit.
8. Under no conditions will any other pilot inspect your magnetos or make a test hop.
9. You will be allowed a few days each month for cleaning and reconditioning.
10. You will notify me as near as possible just when you will be out of commission.
11. After completing your week out of commission, you will notify at once so that I may inspect and test hop.
12. There will be no looseness in the joystick socket, and the tail surface will respond to the slightest movement of the joystick.
13. The fuselage and tail section will be kept clean and washed daily for my inspection.
14. You will always be prepared for a test or emergency hop.
15. I shall at no time find the motor cold but well warmed up before each hop.
16. At no time during the hop will foul gasses pass from your exhaust manifold.
17. Each hop must be thrilling and exciting with smooth performance.
18. You will notify me at each time a supply of oil is needed.
19. The fur trimming around the cockpit will be kept in a sanitary condition at all times.
20. You will see that all oil pumps are working properly and that all bearing surfaces are sufficiently supplied with oil.
21. Operating cost will be kept as low as possible and any minor detail will be left for you to handle.
22. You will be well rewarded for any improvement that I may find during inspections or test hops.

May there always be fair weather,

Your Aviator

MALE BEHAVIORISM IN THE "MEN'S ROOM"

1. Frivolous man - Plays the stream up and down and across the urinal, attempts to squirt on flies. This type never grows up.
2. Disgruntled man - Stands for a while waiting, then gives up. Walks out of wash room mumbling to himself.
3. Sneaky man - Emits gas silently while leaking. Acts innocently, knowing man in adjoining stall will get the blame.
4. Personality man - Tells a dirty joke while leaking. Has comrades in stitches laughing
5. Sloppy man - Tell-tale wet drops always below fly. Never misses his shoes, usually walks out with his flies open. A "dribbler".
6. Methodical man - Uses the same urinal consistently, and the same number of steps for the approach. Is as dexterous with fly buttons as average man is with zipper.
7. Childish man - Guides stream directly into pool at bottom of urinal. Likes bubbling noise it makes.
8. Patient man.- Stands for an incredible time waiting. Sometimes reads a newspaper, holding it with freee hand.
9. Excitable man - Underwear has twisted around, cannot find hole. Rips pants in rage.
10. Sociable man - Joins friends, whether he"has to" or not. Figures it does not cost him anything.
11. Crosseyed man.- Looks into urinal at left, leaks into one in center, flushes one at right.
12. Timid man - Cannot urinate if anyone is watching, flushes urinal pretending he has leaked, sneaks back later.
13. Nosey man - Attempts to see how well the fellow in adjoining urinal is fixed as to size, etc.,
14. Indifferent man - All urinals being occupied- leaks in sink.
15. Clever man - Uses no hands, shows off by adjusting necktie while he leaks. Looks around for admiring glances.
16. Fat man - Uses the"touch system" because he can't see over his belly. Hits the bowl sometimes-but more often the wall or the floor.
17. The Braggart - Opens three buttons when one would due.
18. Fastidious man.- Washes hands before -uses dainty thumb and index finger grip - washes hands after.
19. Feminine man - Sits down for the job.
20. Canine man - Gets urge whenever he see the sign "Men"-dashes into wash room every 15 minutes for a few drops. Has dog blood in his veins. Loves trees and fireplugs.

PROPERTY MANAGEMENT  
RENTAL SERVICE

OAKWOOD 0094

HENRY C. JOHNSON, JR. COMPANY  
REAL ESTATE  
697 N. MAC QUESTEN PARKWAY  
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

Dear Cousin,

I am one of the fellows who made thw world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and fought and I fought but had to go anyway. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B", be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What is your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" he barked, so I told him August Childs. He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine". He asked me where I was born and I said "Pittsburg." Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him "23" the first of September." He said, "The first of September you'll be in France and that will be the last of August."

The next day I went to camp, I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card—"Flying Corp." I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said, "Wind nothin', the draft's doing it" On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you're in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes-too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and still they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me-it strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said, "Yes, what you kicking about-look what they gave me."

Oh, it was a nice five below one morning and they called me out for underwear inspection. Talk about scenery-red flannels, BVD'S all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am up, Sir,-this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said "Don't throw that dirt up here" I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another ditch and put it in there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us on the pier, and the captain came by and said, "Fall in." I said, "I have been in, sir."

I was on the boat 12 days-seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. Leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans, the captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself" He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet and I said, "If I swallowed it-it's up." Talk about your dumb people-I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor; and he replied, "I knew they'

lose it - it's been hanging out ever since we left New York."

Well we landed in France. We were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass - I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the Officers. I said to the Captain I'd like to have a furlough." Five o'clock we go over the top, he said, haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it."

Five o'clock we went over the top, 10,000 Austrians came at us. Our Captain yelled "Fire at will." The way they looked at me you'd think I started the war. But I didn't know any of their names. Guess the fellow in back of me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the \_\_\_\_\_ excitement.

Allow me, Madam, but it won't help

"Adorable" is an adjective and "womankind" is a noun,  
And I often wonder why, although adorable womankind elects to talk standing  
    up, it elects to put on its coat sitting down.  
What is the outstanding characteristic of matinees, tearooms, and table d'hotes?  
Women, sitting firmly and uncomfortably on their coats;  
Women at whose talents a contortionist would hesitate to scoff,  
Because they also sat down on their coats to take them off.  
What is *savoir-faire*?  
It is the ability to pick up eighty-five cents in nickels and lipstick with the right  
    hand while the left hand is groping wildly over the back of a chair.  
Yes, and if you desire *savoir-faire* that you could balance a cup on,  
Consider the calmness of a woman trying to get her arm into the sleeve of a coat  
    she has sat down on too far up on.  
Women are indeed the salt of the earth,  
But I fail to see why they daily submit themselves voluntarily to an operation  
    that a man only undergoes when he is trying to put his trousers  
on in an upper berth.

Ogden Nash.

WAR DEPARTMENT  
OFFICE OF INFORMATION  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

STAFF BULLETIN # 22

It is officially reported that the Germans have taken Castoria. The British War Offices have announced that they doubt the ability of the Germans to hold it. Later dispatches state the strain of the rear is tremendous. The British have caught them on the run several times. Several flank movements have been undertaken which resemble gas attacks. The Germans tried to suppress the report but it leaked out and the Allies got wind of it. The Germans now realize the value of scrap paper. Later reports said 10,000 Heinies have been wiped----- out.

# 137869  
CONFIRMED

6/22

Dear Adjeten General Sir:

My husband was induced in the service 18 months ago and I ain't received no pay since he was gone. Please send my elopment as I have a 4 months old baby and he is my only support and I kneed every dat to buy food and keep us in clothes. I am a poor woman and all I have is gone. Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't expect anything from them as my mother has been in bed for 13 years with one doctor and she won't take another.

Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife's form to fill out. I have written to the President and got no answer and if I don't hear from you I will write Uncle Sam about you both.

Yours very very truly,

Mrs. Peter Picketts

P.S. I am told that my husband sets in the U.S.O. every night with the juke box playing in his uniform. I think you will find him there.

## OUR WIRELESS HONEYMOON OR THE FIRST INSTALLMENT

My Dear:

As I promised to write you about our wireless honeymoon, I must tell you first that we are happy and having a wonderful time. We had a wireless with us. Frank did not take long to get his aerial pole up and ready for action, and since he has been playing with my receiving set all evening I suggested he might as well tune in, as I was anxious to see what wave length he had and could hardly wait.

I should mention here that his lead in was insulated with rubber, but I suggested that he would get better results if it were bare as soon as he grounded my water connections.

I realized he was bent on getting long distance the moment he connected up. Suddenly he asked, "Is it India", I replied, "Yes, Greece is coming through", and it seemed as if the whole world was tuned in. After a while his aerial pole seemed to wilt, but up to that time the reception was perfect.

Frank said he would have to adjust his aerial pole before retiring for the night, and I had a feeling he intended to get better results the next night he tuned in as he intended to put his pole higher. We disconnected it and went to sleep. I never knew that radio could be so interesting and I can understand why men spend the whole night trying to get long distance.

My dear, You know there is no comparison between a tube and having your crystal scratched by whiskers, take my advice and marry one who knows his wireless for I think that Frank and I are going to be the proud owners of a loud "Speaker".

1 The Honey bee is a funny soul,  
Who doesn't practice birth control,  
And that's the reason we have found,  
So many Sons of Bees around.

HOUSE HUNTING

A young couple about to be married were looking for a house in the country. After satisfying themselves that they had found a suitable one, started home. During the journey the young lady was very thoughtful. The man asked the reason for her silence and she replied, "Did you notice a W. C. (Water Closet) anywhere?" Not having noticed one, the prospective bridegroom wrote the landlord asking where it was located.

The landlord did not understand what W. C. meant and after thinking it over for sometime came to the conclusion that W. C. meant Wesley's Church and replied:

Dear Sir:

I very much regret the delay in answering your letter. I now have the pleasure of telling you that the W. C. is situated about nine miles from the house and is capable of seating about 200 people. This distance is unfortunate for if you are in the habit of going often, you will be glad to know a great many persons take their lunch with them and make a day of it. Those that cannot spare the time, take cars and arrive just in time. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago. We used to stand up all the time. I may mention that it pains me not to be able to go more often. It may also interest you to know that a bazaar is to be held to furnish the W. C. with plush bottom seats as this has been ~~far~~xxeedixx a long felt need.

Yours truly,

The Landlord

A SITUATION

He asked me to try it.  
I didn't know what to say.  
He promised to take me away from the crowd if I would.  
Then I couldn't decide if I should.  
I know that I'd have to learn how someday,  
But I didn't want to learn in just that way.  
Finally I said alright and I would try with all my might.  
He told me to lie on the floor.  
Oh! my back it would get sore.  
I did what he said much against my will,  
And I can remember the funny sensation still.  
He rolled me over in a gentle way  
And said, listen to what he had to say.  
Don't be stiff and just relax,  
And try to remember the simple facts.  
He parted my legs and straddled one.  
Oh! how I wish I hadn't begun.  
He put his hand upon my waist,  
And said, he must do it in awful haste.  
When he started to work it wasn't so bad  
It made me breathe faster  
But I wasn't mad.  
I went through all that preparation  
Just to learn artifical respiration.  
Ha! Ha!

There are many types of wolves but there are four principal or common varieties.

1. Married. The married wolves no longer use the "my wife doesn't understand me" technique. They admit, quite frankly, that they are happily married and even drag out pictures of the kids back in Peoria. I, personally, have been forced to admire some very repulsive-looking children.

Married wolves just say they are lonesome and that they just wish someone to talk to. And they confine it to conversation - at the beginning. You are agreeably surprised to learn that you are the most interesting person they have ever met in their lives - so charming, witty and sensible.

From there they work around to informing you you are wasting your time behind a typewriter. They hint, not delicately, that they can turn the trick. If you go for this you're sunk. My advice to all girls is to get back of your typewriter as soon as possible. It's much safer there.

2. Single with intentions. This wolf can work much faster than the first type because he is not hampered by thinning hair and a paunch. Besides, he is usually pressed for time. He knows he'll be out of town in two weeks, far removed from any chance of your nagging him to make good on his promises. Watch out for this one. He is a tough wolf to catch.

3. In sheep's clothing. This type often wears spectacles, seems bookish, and is a drip at a party. Usually he is unattractive and extremely quiet. Also he seems to be a inexperienced as a baby.

This type generally arouses a great deal of sympathy in you and, because of your kind heart, you consent to a date on an off night. What happens: Gentle Jim isn't as anaemic as you thought. This is the kind of guy roller skates were made for.

4. The Dixon type. The approach is violent and leaves little or no time for consideration. You may be sitting quietly lacquering your nails when this type suddenly grabs you by one leg and begins swinging you in circles over his head.

Unless you are an expert in jujitsu, or don't mind a broken rib, always make sure to keep some kind of barrier between you and this type. Personally, I find a pair of scissors very handy.

I wish to make it clear, in closing, that I am not completely against wolves. Being chased by a wolf is not altogether unpleasant, and besides it gives you exercise. The main trouble I find here in Washington is that it is often difficult to get yourself chased by the right wolf.

" A NEW POSITION, PLEASE "

A colored woman was applying for a new position when she was asked why she had left her former position, she replied.

"Yessum, 'dey paid good, but dat was the most rediklus placei'se ever seen. Dey plays a game called bridge, what ever dat is, and last night dere was lots of fellows dere, and just as I was fixing to bring in refreshments, I hears a man say to a woman, "take your hand off my trick". I nearly draps daid when bless my soul&#8226;, I hears anudder man say, "lay down and lets see what you got." Den a woman says, "you got length but you aint got strength".

"Well, I just ups and gets my hat, cause I knows dat aint no place for me, and just as I was leaving, I hopes to die if a man don't say, "well, I guess I'll stop now as dis is my last rubber", and doggone if she don't say, "lay down your dummy andlet me play with it." No ma'am, i'se a lady so I just couldn't stay dere."

THE NEW BOOK OF REVELATIONS

- I And it came to pass that Adolph, Son of Abitch, persecuted the tribe of Judia, and there was war.
- II And when the war was four years, many tribes came to the help of the Jews, but the Hews took up arms not.
- III Yea, they took up arms not, lest in so doing they would take from their pockets their hands, and it wculd come to pass that they would lose a shackle.
- IV And the Gentiles came up in great multitudes from all the lands to fight for the Jews, and the Jews listed up their voices and sang: "Onward Christian Soldiers, we will make for them Uniforms."
- V And the Jews lifted up their eyes and beheld a great opportunity and they said to one another, "The time has come when it is good to barter junk for peices of silver", and straightway it was so.
- VI And they grieved not when a city was destroyed, for when a city was destroyed there was junk, and where there is junk there are Jews, and where there are Jews and junk, they make money.
- VII And when the multitudes of Gentiles has arisen, Adolph, Son of Abitch, was sore pressed and he was sore.
- VIII And it came to pass the tribe of Stalin was on his one side, and the tribe of Churchill was on his other side, and the tribe of Roosevelt was on another side, and the Atlantic Ocean was yet on the other side, and Adolph, Son of Abitch was on his backside.
- IX And there arose in the East a tribe of brown people, and they had big teeth, and that they might see they added glasses to their eyes. Nine out of ten they added glasses to eyes, that they might see. And they were called Yellow Bastards.
- X And the Yellow Bastards advanced no more, neither did they retreat and it was a mess.
- XI And it came to pass that the workers from the field were in the army and there was so much want in the land.
- XII And the soldiers wanted to go to their homes, and the men in the factories wanted to go hunting in the woods, and the officers wanted to go unto the Game called "football", and everybody who was any place wanted to go unto some place, and the want was great.
- XIII And all the people in the land were footsore, for they had to walk on their feet, and they had forgotten how.
- XIV All the people were footsore and their shoos were rationed save the Jews, and the Jews were not footsore, for they all had jobs furnishing something to the Navy or to the Army or unto the Government, and did not have to walk.

- XV And it came to pass that the automobile departed from the highways, and the college boys had no use for their thumbs, and then it came to pass that there was no longer college boys.
- XVI And there was no ships to bring coffee beans, or the fruit of the banna tree, or the sap from the caoutchoue tree.
- XVII And it came to pass that since there was no sap from the caoutchoue tree, there was no rubber, and many saps that had been called "Dearie" were called "Papa".
- XVIII And it came to pass that the people were sore afraid, and then all the gold and silver had been taken away by the tax collectors, all the houses wherein they dwelt were cold and they cried out in desperation.
- XIX And when they cried out in desperation, a voice said unto them, "My F Friends" and all the people rejoiced and when it was time to vote they went joyfully to the ~~xx~~ polls and voted the Republican Ticket.

4/15/43

Dearest Edythe:

Its probably stupid and selfish of me to address this to the office, but Edythe it's something that I'd rather have kept from the rest of the family for a while at least.

During the quarter of a century and then some of my life, I've so often heard that its possible for people to be confronted with such as this, but I always consoled myself by thinking it should never happen to me.

As you know there are so few people in Olive Hill that are endowed with the characteristic called trustworthiness, that we find it necessary to keep his or her troubles to themselves. You can do this for sometime but then the time comes when we must confide in others and to me you're the only one that's worthy.

Had my life not been filled already with dark moments, I would call this its darkest because I'm worried beyond words.

Maybe I'm presumptuous in assuming that you would be considerate enough to even offer your consolation, but the very least you could do would be to help me decide on something that will offer the least resistance.

Tell me - Do you think the Superman will be drafted?

So long,

Nell

This poem was written by Lt. Dean Shatlain, Tank Commander, on the field of battle in Africa after he had amputated his own foot with a jack-knife and thought he was dying. He was rescued by Americans after two hours of hiding and is now recuperating in a hospital in England.

WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?

What did you do today, my friend  
From morning till the night?  
How many times did you complain  
That rationing is too tight?  
When are you going to start to do  
All of the things you say?  
A soldier would like to know, my friend,  
What did you do today?

We met the enemy today  
And took the town by storm.  
Happy reading it will make  
For you tomorrow morn.  
You'll read with satisfaction  
The brief communique  
We fought, but are you fighting?  
What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today,  
I feel his warm blood yet;  
Your neighbor's dying boy gave out  
A scream I'll never forget.  
On my right a tank was hit,  
A flash and then a fire;  
The stench of burning flesh  
Still rises from the pyre.

What did you do today, my friend,  
To help us with the task?  
Did you work harder and longer for less  
Or is that too much to ask?  
What right have I to ask you this!  
You probably will say;  
Maybe now you'll understand,  
You see ..... I died today.

Love City  
Sweetheart Street  
Darling Avenue

My Dearest Moron,

I set myself down with a pen in my hand to type you a few lines. Please excuse this lead pencil. We don't live at the place we just moved to. I'm sorry we are so far g together. I wish we were close apart.

We are having more weather than we had last year. My Aunt died and is doing nicely and I hope you are the same. She died 15 minutes in short of 5 on New Years Day. Her breath just happened to run out. The doctor gave up all hope and she died. She left a family of one boy, 2 cows, 1 cat and a fortune of \$10.00. We now have 3 hens and a pig. The pig lays in a box and hens lay in the floor.

My sister has the mumps and is having a swell time. Hope you are the same. She is near death's door and I hope the doctor pulls her through.

I started to Glen L. Martins and saw a sign that said, "This takes you to Martin's." I got on the sign and sat there for 3 hours and the darned thing didn't move an inch.

I'm sending you a coat, parcel post, as it is too heavy to send by express. I ~~had~~ also cut off the buttons to make it lighter. You will find them in the pockets.

Oh! Yes, One of the neighbor's babies swallowed some straight pins and they ~~had~~ fed it some pin cushions, its doing OK now.

If you don't get this letter write and let me know, and I will send it to you.

Very truly mine,

Fifonella  
The Gremlin

P.S. I have the \$10.00 I owe you, but I have sealed the ~~new~~ envelope, will send it the last time I wrote.

NORFOLK NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH - VA

EN9/HY-(SQ)

Excerpt from  
The Paymaster General's Monthly News Letter  
November 1, 1942

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE \_\_\_\_\_

EN9/(L) (OAR)  
1 November 1942

AN INCIDENT WHICH COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAPPEN IN THIS BUREAU

There is a story going the rounds about two officers who worked in the same office of a certain Bureau who had never been introduced to each other. One always managed to quit work daily soon after 1630 with his desk clear. The other toiled on until 1900 or later. After a few months of this, the hard working officer decided to ask the other how he managed to clear his desk so early every day.

"I've worked out a system," the fast worker replied. "When I come to a tough piece of detail, I mark it 'Refer to Commander Smith.' I figure that in an outfit as large as this one there is sure to be a Commander Smith, and I must be right for none of those papers ever come back to me."

The hard worker started to remove his coat.

"Prepare for action, mister," he said. "I'm Commander Smith."

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## A Life for a Soldier

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing to do. I fought, but I had to go anyway. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B". Be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I was registered. I went to the desk and my milkman was in charge. He said "What's your name?" I said, "Yound man you know my name". He said "Are you Alien"? I replied "No, I feel fine." "When did you see daylight or rather the light of day?" I said "When I moved to Philadelphia from Pittsburgh". He said, "The first of September you will be in Australia and that will be the last of August."

A veterinarian started to examine me. He asked me if I had ever had measles, small pox, St. Vitus Dance and if I took fits. I said "No, only when I stay in a Saloon too long." Then he said, "Can you see all right?" I said, "Sure, but I'll be cockeyed tonight if I pass." Then he listened around my chest and he said, "I think you have a wart somewhere." I said, "Wart, hell, that's a button in your ear." The doctor said he had never examined a more perfect physical wreck, then he handed me a card -- Class "A".

Then I went to Camp and I guess they didn't think I would live long; The first fellow wrote on my card "Flying Corpse." I went a little further and some guy said, "Look what the wind's blowing in". I said "Wind, hell, the Draft's doing it." On the second morning, they put these clothes on me. What an outfit. As soon as you are in it you think you can lick anybody. They have two sizes -- too large and too small. The pants are too tight, I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and all that stuff. He said calling after me, "Hey, didn't you notice what I have on?" "Yes, what are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

I landed in Camp with \$95. In ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many 3's and 12's on a pair of dice. No matter what I did I went broke. Something went wrong even in cards. One time I got five aces and I was afraid to bet -- a good thing I didn't because the fellow next to me had six kings. Finally I said, "This is a crooked poker game." They said "We're playing pinocle." Everything was crazy. If you were a lively hand you were put in the Medical Corps. If you were a watchman you were made an officer of the day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the army. He said "I am going to mash the potatoes". Oh, it was nice -- five below zero one morning and they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about red flannels -- B.V.D.'s, all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Calento. The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said "I'm up, the underwear makes you think I 'm sitting down."

He got so mad he put me digging ditches. A little while later he passed and said "Don't throw that dirt up here". I said, "Where do I throw it?" He said "Dig another hole and put it in there". By that time I was pretty mad, so another guy named Jones and myself drank a quart of whiskey. Finally Jones began acting so funny I ran to the doctor, and told him that Jones was going blind. He asked me

what we had been doing and I told him. So he asked me if Jones was seeing pink elephants. I said "No, that's the trouble. They're there and he can't see them."

Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier I had some more bad luck. We had had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt", that twenty-seven of us walked overboard.

They pulled us out and the captain came along and said "Fall in". I said "Like hell. They just pulled me out". I was on the boat twelve days seasick all the time. Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans, the captain rushed up and cried, "What company are you in?" I said "I'm all by myself". He asked me if the brigadier was up yet. I said "If I've swallowed it, it's up." Talk about dumb people, I said to one of the fellows, "I guessed we dropped the anchor." He said "It's been hanging out ever since we left New York." We had a life boat drill and when the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship, it spilled some of the men into the water. Only the 2nd Lieutenant gave orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of their heads. I was struggling with the other man when one fellow with a bald head yelled "Pull me out". I said "Go down and come up the right way". Well, we landed in Australia and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches all the cannons started to roar and the shells started to fall. I started to shake with patriotism. The captain yelled "Fire at Will." I didn't know any of their names and I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. "Lie down" he answered. "Do you want to make a fool of the Doctor?" Finally a pretty nurse came in and said, "Move over ----" Oh well, that's another story.

TO: MR. WOOLWORTH.

Mr. Woolworth, I have got a complaint  
About one ten-cent can of paint.  
My wife she buy from your damn store,  
And now, by damn, I good and sore.

You see, last week the spring she come,  
And everthing she on de bum,  
Do floor, de wall, de windows too,  
And dirt like, hell, I'm telling you.

My wife, she is clean and neat,  
So she buy paint for toilet seat,  
And one whole week we watch with eye,  
Byt Goddam paint, she no get dry!

My wife, she no tall, she kinda fat,  
Now you can see just where she sat,  
She got big ring around complete,  
Where she sat down on toilet seat.

I say to her "It served you right,  
You try to be so Goddam tight,  
That Goddam paint - she no damn good,  
She no get dry on no damn wood!

My daughter too, got ring round,  
Where on toilet seat she sit down,  
For one whole week, by damn, we wait,  
And now, we all get constipate.

By damn, we don't know what to do,  
We got to eat, and some go through,  
My wife, by damn, she cry and cry,  
But Goddam paint - she no get dry.

My wife got sister, hername Marie,  
She live in house, all time, with me,  
Last night, I look where she sit down,  
By God she too get ring round.

I try to wipe with turpentine,  
She howl like wolf, and lose her mind,  
I'm scared like hell for half a day,  
De skin come off, de paint she stay.

I live long time, but never see,  
A man who get so mad like me,  
When I think about that paint,  
I get so mad I damn near faint.

Now Mr. Woolworth, I ask you,  
What in hell we gonna do?  
For how can house be nice and neat  
If paint no dry on toilet seat?

"WE'VE DONE OUR HITCH IN HELL"

I'm sitting here and thinking of the things I've left behind  
I had to put on paper what is running thru my mind  
I've dug a million ditches, I've cleaned ten miles of ground,  
A neater place this side of Hell is waiting to be found,  
Although I die I'll go to heaven, because I've done my hitch in hell.

WE've killed a million snakes and bugs that looked to us for eats,  
We shook a million centipedes out of our dirty sheets,  
We've pulled a million cactus stickers out of fatigue pants,  
We've battled Hulen skeeters and all those damn red ants,  
But when our work is finished our friends on earth will tell  
How we died and went to heaven, cause we've done our hitch in hell.

We've built a million kitchens for the cooks to stew our beans,  
We've stood a million guard mounts, we've cleaned the camp's latrines,  
We've washed a million skillets and peeled a million spuds,  
We've rolled a million blankets and washed the captain's duds,  
The number of parades we've steed is very hard to tell--  
There'll be no parades in heaven, cause we've done our hitch in hell.

When our final taps are sounded and we lay aside life's cares,  
We've done our final parading up those golden stairs,  
The angels will all welcome us and their harps will start to play,  
We will draw a million canteen checks and spend them in one day.  
It is then we'll hear St. Peter as he greets us with a yell,  
"Take a front seat boys from            for there you've done your  
HITCH IN HELL".

MEN

Men are what women marry, They have two feet and two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or more than one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes men are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties; prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a ~~dog~~ soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented little thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubby-chinned, tobaccoey and bay-rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool; and if you don't he thinks you are ~~ugly~~ nice. If you wear any gay colors, rouge, a and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out, and if you wear a little brown toque and a tailored suit, he takes you and stares all evening at the women in gay colors.

If you join him in his gaities and approve of his smoking, he swears you are drivin' him to the devil; and if you don't approve of his smoking and his gaities, he vows you ~~are~~ are treating him like the devil. If you are ~~the~~ the clinging vine type he doubts whether you have a brain, and if you are the modern advanced and independent woman, he doubts ~~writer~~ whether you have a heart, If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you are not, he hesitates to marry a wallflower.

In conclusion, all men are like street cars-- if you don't catch the first one, there'll always be another, but on the other hand, it hurts like hell to walk,

..... Exchange.

### THE EAVESDROPPER

A Tramp was leaning aga nst the side  
Close by the window frame,  
Inside he heard some voices  
and he heard a woman explain:  
"You can't do it that way  
Don't you see that I can't wait?  
You always let it wabble  
Why don't you get it straight  
If you do it this way  
Then don't do it ~~xxk~~ at all.  
I think yours is too big  
If not, then mine's too small,  
Let us try it this way once,  
But be careful of my dress  
If you let it slip out  
~~Xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~  
You'll make an awful mess,  
Just have alittle patience  
And you'll surely win,  
See now you have it started  
For Heaven's sake push it in  
The tramp got so excited,  
And for the window he dove,  
To see a man and a woman  
Fit a stove pipe to a stove.

DIARY OF A FRENCH STENOGRAPHER

I am a young stenographer  
My age is just eighteen  
And I'll tell you promptly  
Of the things I've done and seen.

The men have always called me  
A very pretty girl  
My form is almost perfect  
My mother calls me Pearl.

My first job was in Harlem  
And I was very pleased  
I left the next day  
Because my tits were squeezed

I then worked for a banker  
The job was quite a cinch  
I worked with care until the day  
Because he gave my ass a pinch

I stopped the old butcher  
Who dealt in butter and eggs  
Because his hand slipped off  
Way up between my legs

I next worked for a lawyer  
Who had nothing much to do  
And spend his time in flirting  
And asking me to screw.

A boy walked in the office  
He teased me till I cried  
He boldly pulled his dick out  
and wrenched against my side.

A smart professor told me  
That virtue was a farce  
I quit because he wanted  
To fuck me in the ass

I tried a famous Doctor  
He came from way down South  
I quit because he wanted me  
To put it in my mouth.

I felt the insult keenly  
It gave me quite a shock  
To have to quit a good job  
Cause I wouldn't suck his cock.

A preacher next employed me  
A horry little runt  
I left because he wanted me  
To let him suck my cunt.

I then and there decided  
To take things as they came  
And if I left my next job  
I wouldn't be the blame.

I saw an employment  
For a conjected clerk  
I found a handsome banker  
Who offered pleasant work.

I came on Monday morning  
I knew where I was at  
The boss got down to work  
And I removed my hat.

The boss sat down in a chair  
And said "I'll teach you right."  
He pulled me quately on his knee  
And then he held me tight.

He gently pulled my dress  
About my shapely knees  
The scarlet green that I wore  
The boss could plainly see

Above my lace trimed panties  
Hisse cunning fingers stole  
I shyly spred my legs apart  
To help him find the hole.

It only took a minute  
For him to find it there  
Then his fingers were caressing  
It's precious curly hair.

His other hand unbuttoned  
My skirt both clean and new  
And in another moment  
My buddies came in view.

His index finger started  
To tickle in my slip  
And when engaged in doing so  
He sucked a heavy tit.

The boss he started skipping  
He bade me do the same  
So I undressed completely  
With no regard for shame

We both sat ther stark naked  
As to the day we were born  
His cock was big and husky  
Just like an ear of corn

He made me hold his peter  
It made it larger still  
I gently gave his hold a squeeze  
And had a pleasant thrill

Then he said "My Darling"  
You have it hard and stiff  
He laid down and let me have it  
Into my pretty gulf

He led me to the sofa  
And spread my legs apart  
He kissed drably belly  
And motioned for the start

The head of the prick was quided  
And buried in the bush  
He wraped his arms around me  
And gave a dam hard push

My maden's head had vanished  
But I didn't give a dam  
I begged the boss to drive it in  
As hard as he could ram

He proved to me and artists  
In all the art of love  
He drew me back an instant  
And gave a deeper shove

His motions soon grew faster  
And bliss was in the room  
As out hot inversion single  
Within me The Opened Womb.

SUZANNE

SUZANNE WAS A GIRL WITH PLENTY OF CLASS  
WHO KNOCKED THEM ALL DEAD WHEN SHE WIGGLED HER  
EYES AT THE FELLOWS AS GIRLS SOMETIMES DO  
TO MAKE QUITE PLAIN THAT SHE WANTED TO  
TAKE IN A MOVIE OR GO FOR A SAIL  
AND THEN HURRY HOME FOR A NICE PIECE OF  
ICE CREAM OR CAKE OR A SLICE OF ROAST DUCK  
FOR AFTER EACH MEAL SHE WAS READY TO  
GO FOR A RIDE OR A STROLL ON THE DOCK  
WITH ANY YOUNG MAN WITH A SIZABLE  
ROLL OF BILLS AND A PRETTY GOOD FRONT  
AND IF HE TALKED FAST SHE WOULD SHOW HIM HER  
LITTLE PET DOG WHO WAS SUBJECT TO FITS  
AND MAYBE SHE'D LET HIM TAKE HOLD OF HER  
LITTLE WHITE HANDS WITH MOVEMENTS SO QUICK  
WHILE SHE WOULD REACH OVER LIGHTLY AND TICKLE HIS  
CHIN WHILE SHE SHOWED HIM A TRICK LEARNED IN FRANCE  
AND ASKED THE POOR FELLOW TO TAKE OFF HIS  
COAT WHILE SHE SANG OF MANDALAY SHORE  
FOR WHATEVER SHE WAS SUZANNE WAS NO BORE

## A TRIP TO HEAVEN

It was a simple village maiden,  
With red and rosy cheeks,  
Who went to Church and Sunday School,  
And prayed with accents meek.  
It was but the revered minister  
That loved to see her face,  
So full of true devotion,  
And piety and grace.  
And when he sauntered home.  
When services were o're,  
He would speak to her  
Of Jesus and of the Golden Shore,  
Then up the maiden spoke and said;  
"Oh, Father dear," said she  
I'd give the world if but once  
That Golden Shore to see."  
"Then come into my cottage,"  
The reverend man did say,  
"At nine o'clock this evening  
An hour or two to stay."  
"I will, dear reverend Father,  
And happy will I be,  
To catch a glimpse of Heaven  
And have commune with thee".  
She reached the Preacher's cottage,  
As the clock was striking nine.  
"Ha, Ha," said he with kindly smile,  
I see you are on time.  
Pray step into my chamber  
Where the light is burning low,  
And I will soon be with you,  
Then Heavenward we'll go."  
He quickly joined the maiden  
And then to her he said,  
"We will soon be with the spirits,  
Of those who long are dead.  
But 'ere we make our journey,  
We must ourselves prepare,  
And take our earthly garments off,  
For they wear no clothes up there."  
The maiden blushed a moment,  
Then threw her fears aside.  
She knew that she had naught to fear,  
While by the preacher's side.  
"Kind Sir," said she,  
"I know that you are noble, true and just,  
What 'ere you say, that will I do,  
For you I fully trust."  
The Pastor took off his pants,  
And other clothing too,  
And stood as God had made him,  
A noble man and true.

The maiden seemed reluctant,  
'Till he to her kindly said,  
"Take off your hat and jacket, dear,  
And sit down on the bed."  
She silently obeyed him  
And did as she was told,  
While he, with nimble fingers,  
Her waist band did unfold.  
He took her garments one by one  
And placed them on the chair,  
Until she stood before him  
All naked pure and bare,  
"Now we are as God made us."  
The Preacher said to her  
"And surely we'll reach Heaven,  
If nothing doth occure."  
He took the maiden in his arms  
And placed her on the bed,  
Then he laid down beside her  
And this is what she said;  
"Oh, Father dear, pray tell me  
What is the funny thing,  
That's standing up so straight and still,  
So shinny, sleek and slim,  
And what are those things  
Hanging down below,  
The one is quite the larger,  
Has the other stopped to grow?"  
"That is the Key to heaven, child,  
And you possess the lock,  
It had its works and movements,  
Just like an eight day clock."  
He took her little hand in his,  
And pressed it to his lips.  
Her hand was hot and burning,  
Clear to her finger tips  
And then he put his fingers  
Into her little nest,  
And gently pressed the button  
And Nature did the rest.  
She flung her legs around his hips  
And glued her lips to his,  
And pressed him to her breast and cried  
"Tis Heaven! I know it is!"  
He felt her glowing bosom heave  
And throb against his breast.  
Her face was hot, her breath came quick,  
She cried, "Oh! let me rest."  
He gently laid her on her back  
And spread her legs full wide,  
To put the key within the lock,  
For half an hour he tried.  
At last he was successful,  
And the maiden said;  
"Oh! put your arms around my neck,

The key is at last inside"  
She pressed her hot and juicy lips  
Against his burning face,  
She clasped her legs around his hips,  
And pulled him into place.  
Then he began a motion  
Which pleasure caused her pain  
Yet frantically she cried aloud;  
"Again! Again! Oh! leave the key within the lock  
Remove it not again."  
Six times she went to heaven,  
Before the night was o're,  
And when the Preacher went to sleep,  
She vainly cried for more.  
The morning came the Priest awoke,  
Repentant and afraid.  
His conscience pricked him sorely,  
And he spoke thus to the maid;  
"My poor dear wife and family  
They too must bear the shame,  
My God, what a calamity  
I've brought upon my name."  
The Pastor was dumbfounded,  
When to him the maiden said;  
"Don't run away with the idea  
That you took my maiden head.  
You dammed old fool,  
You're thick as mud,  
And very soon you'll see  
That you have got the very dose  
That your son John gave to me  
Now let this be a lesson,  
You poor old simple fool,  
Don't think that all are virgins  
That go to Sunday School.  
And when your Dick is in a sling  
Then to your wife pray tell,  
That you took a trip to Heaven  
And landed straight in Hell."

May you live as long as you want to;  
May you want to as long as you live.  
If you want to and I'm asleep, wake me;  
If I'm awake and don't want to, make me.  
But I can't.  
I promised my husband that I'd be true.  
But I'll tell you what I'll do,  
  
I'll lie still and let you..

GROWING OLD

My sparkling days are over,  
My parking lights are out,  
What used to be my sex appeal;  
Is now my water spout.  
  
It used to be embarrassing to make that think  
behave,  
For every morning it would  
Stand and watch me shave.  
  
But now as I grow older it  
sure gives me the blues,  
To see that thing hang down my leg,  
and watch me shine my shoes.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

1. How much does it take to fill a baby carriage? One good screw.
2. What is a constipated cat? Tight Pussy
3. Who are the most optimistic people in the world? Jews-They have two inches taken off before they even know how long it is going to be.
4. Why did September Morn take a bath? To wash out what August left.
5. What is the difference between a woman's right leg and her left?
6. What makes a cannon roar? You'd roar too if you had one of your balls shot off.
7. What is the difference between fear and certainty? 28 days.
8. How many newspapers can a woman get ~~in~~ between her legs? One Post, 2 globes, 1 press, and Lord knows how many times.
9. What is the evolutionary flapper? One who has been monkeyed with.
10. What is a Royal Flush? When Queen Mary pulls the chain.
11. What is 7 inches long and has a small head and is desired by every woman? A dollar bill.
12. What is a baby? A small deposit with 9 months interest.
13. What is the difference between looking at a girl's leg and looking at an airplane? You get a stiff neck looking at an airplane.
14. Why don't flappers go to Heaven? Because there is only one Peter, ~~there~~.
15. What is the hardest thing in the world to do? Put it in soft.
16. Why is a flapper like a musician? Three weeks of jazzing and 1 week of ragtime.
17. What are the most important parts of a wedding? The swelling of the organ and the coming of the bride.
18. What is the title of the latest song hit. "Pop wants to Fly His Kite but Mama won't give him any Tail".
19. What is an olive? An old Maids Cherry turned green with envy.
20. Whats the nearest place to Heaven? A mans pants, thats where Peter hangs out.
21. Who made the first fruit stand? Eve, made a stand for Adams banana.
22. Whats the most elastic thing in the world? Human skin, Moses tied his Ass to a tree and walked 40 miles.

A LITTLE SMILE, A LITTLE DATE

A little smile a little date  
To meet you when the hour is late  
A little promise not to tell  
A little room in some hotel

A little drink a fond caress  
A little question assuring yes  
A little shirtwaist laid aside  
A little breast that tried to hide

A little hand that went a stealing  
A little please with a funny feeling  
A little coaxing a little teasing  
A form revealed that is most pleasing.

A pair of panties mostly lace  
A little blush upon your face  
A little shading of the light  
A little whisper please not yet.

A little pillow from the head  
Slipped beneath the hips instead  
A little effort to begin  
A little help to get it in.

Two little arms to grip me tight  
And when I ask "Does it feel alright?"  
She smiles and says it feels so good.  
And I reply "I knew it would".

Two little legs around me twine  
Two little eyes look into mine  
A little movement to and fro  
A little ah, and a little Oh.

Two little hearts that beat as one  
Two little lovers having fun  
A little effort to repeat  
A little spot upon the sheet.

A little shower when we're through  
A little drink or maybe two  
A little sleep and finally when  
Breakfast in bed at half past ten.

A little bill, a little tip  
A porter wishing a pleasant trip  
A little weary the next day  
Like little children after play  
A little wish that you and I  
May repeat it all, bye and bye.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

Last nite I lay upon my bed  
And dreamed my love and I were wed  
Then in a gentle voice she said

"Do It"

And I with blushing rapture rose  
andlifted up her underclothes  
She said "Darling no one knows,

"DO IT"

But alas, twas just a dream, short and sweet  
And I awoke in sweated heat  
I looked and there it was upon the sheet

"I DOOD IT"

KIN FOLKS

Melindy fell way deep in love  
With a colored boy she knew  
But it was quite legitimate  
For she was colored too.

She hastened and told her pop  
That shortly she would wed  
One likely Mr. Rufus Brown.  
When Pop looked up and said:

"No, Honey Chile, you can't do that,  
You'll have to find another,  
Don't tell your maw, but Rufus Brown  
Am surely your half-brother.

Melindy shed a few salt tears,  
Then went her lonely way.  
But soon she met another boy  
And hastened home to say:

"Now, Pop, I'm going to marry  
Dat Smith boy down the Street,  
He ain't got no bad habits  
And he dresses up so neat.

"He never swears, 'cept when he's drunk,  
At Bootleggin' he's jes' fine,  
He says dat Packard limosine  
Am just de same as mine."

But Pop he slowly shook his head,  
And looked across at Mother,  
Then Said: "No, Chile, you can't do dat  
Dat Smith boy is your half-brother."

Melindy wailed, Melindy moaned,  
In hopeless grief she cried,  
Until her Maw across the room  
Called her to her side.

"What's you and Pop conspiring  
From dawn to night?  
And why you cry your eyes out  
Til you're a dreadful sight?"

Melindy then forgot her oath,  
and blurted out at Mother,  
"Pop says I can't marry Rufus Brown  
Because he am my brother."

"And then, I turned to Samual Smith  
Although it seemed like treason,  
But Pop says I can't marry him  
For exactly de same reason."

Then Maw said: "Honey Chile, don't  
cry,  
Put on your wedding cap  
And marry either one you like,  
YOU AIN'T NO KIN TO POP!"

**3 MOST IMPORTANT PARTS OF A STOVE**

LIFTER  
LEG  
and POKER

---

**3 MOST IMPORTANT VEGETABLES**

LETTUCE  
TURNIP  
and PEA

---

**4 CHARACTERS OF THE BIBLE**

JOHN    ESOP    JACOBS'    PETER

---

HOW FAR CAN THE SKIN STRETCH?

ANY AMOUNT -

BECAUSE IT SAYS IN THE BIBLE "JOHN TIED HIS  
ASS TO A TREE AND WALKED TEN MILES.

---

ERROL FLYNN HYME

PRAISE THE LORD, SHE GAVE ME HER PERMISSION  
PRAISE THE LORD, NOW LOOK AT HER CONDITION  
PRAISE THE LORD, I KNEW THE RIGHT POSITION  
AND SHE FELL FOR ME.

ALL ABCARD WE'RE ON A MIGHTY MISSION  
CANT AFFORD TO PAY A HIGH COMMISION  
LISTEN KID, YOU'RE NOT A GOING FISHING  
WHEN YOU YACHT WITH ME.

ERROL FLYNN SAID IT  
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM CREDIT  
FOR A SON OF A GUN OF A RAPER WAS HE  
PRAISE THE LORD NO TIME FOR INTERMISSION  
I'M TO OLD TO WAIT AROUND AWISHING  
PRAISE THE LORD I HAVE A SLIGHT SUSPICION  
THAT I'LL STILL GO FREE.

"THE PIDDLING PUP"

A farmer's dog came into town,  
His Christian name was Runt  
No noble pedigree had he  
But piddling was his stunt

And as he trotted down the street  
'Twas beautiful to see  
His work on every lamppost  
His work on every tree

He watered every gateway, too,  
He never missed a post,  
For piddling was his specialty  
And piddling was his boast.

The city curs looked on amazed  
With deep and jealous rage  
To see a simple country dog  
The piddler of his age

Then all the dogs from everywhere  
Were summoned with a yell,  
To sniff this piddling stranger o'er  
and judge him by his smell

Some thought that he a king must be;  
beneath his tail a rose  
So every city dog drew near  
and sniffed it up his nose

They smelled him over, one by one  
They smelled him two by two  
While noble Runt in high disdain  
Stood still till they were through

Then just to show the who<sup>le</sup> shebang  
He just didn't give a damn  
He trotted to the grocery store  
And piddled on the ham

He piddled on a mackerel keg  
He piddled on the floor  
And when the grocer kicked him out  
He piddled through the door

Behind him all the city dogs  
Lined up with instinct true  
to start a piddling carnival  
And see the stranger through

They showed him every piddling post  
They had in all the town,  
And started in with many a wink  
To wear the stranger down

They sent for Champion piddlers  
Who were always on the go  
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt or gave a piddling show

They sprang these on him suddenly  
When midway of the town  
Runt only smiled, then polished off  
The ablest white and brown

For Runt was with them eyary trick  
With vigor and with vim  
A thousand piddles, more or less  
Were all the same to him

So he was piddling merrily  
With hind leg lifted high  
When most were hoisting legs in bluff  
And piddling mighty dry

Then on and on Runt sought new grounds  
By piles and scraps of rust  
Till every city dog went dry  
And piddled only dust

Yet on and one went noble Runt  
As wet as any rill,  
And left the Champion city pups  
Piddled to a standstill

Then Runt did free hand piddling  
With fancy flirts and flits  
Like "double dip" and "gemlet twist"  
And all thos e latest hits

Yet all the while this country dog  
Did never wink nor grin  
But blithely piddled out of town  
As he came piddling in

The city dogs conventions held  
To ask, "What did defeat us"  
But no one ever put them wise  
That Runt had diabetes!

Dear Sailor:

M is for the Many times you made me.  
O is for the Other times you tried.  
T is for the Tourist cabin week-ends.  
H is for the Hell that's in your eyes.  
E is for the Everlasting love light.  
R is for the Wreck you made of me.

Put them all together and they spell Mother,  
And brother that's what I'm going to be.

Sailor's Answer:

My Girl?????????

F is for your Funny little letter.  
A is for the Answer to your note.  
T is for your Tearfyl accusations.  
H is for your Hope that I'm the goat.  
E is for the Ease with which I made you  
R is for the Rube you thought I'd be.  
Put them all together and they spell Father,  
but you're crazy if you think it's me.

The year is 1950. A law has been passed by the Government requiring every couple to have a child. If unable to bear children a Government man is sent to their home to visit the wife and by the means of becoming a mother. There are no babies in this family. It is the morning of their fifth anniversary, and husband speaks:

Husband—Well, goodbye, deary. I'm off to the office. I suppose the Government man will be here shortly. (The husband leaves with a bowed head.) Wife pretties herself and powders her nose, just as the doorknob rings. She is expecting the Government man, but instead the baby photographer has come to see if he can talk to the lady of the house about baby pictures. The following conversation takes place:

Wife—Good morning.

Man—How do you do? You probably do not know me, but I represent the—

Wife—You need not explain, Mr.—

Man—Jones is the name, Madam, and I make a specialty of—

Yes, of course, I know. It's quite all right. Can't you sit down?

Man—Your husband is agreeable I suppose?

Wife—Oh, yes, and we both decided it was the best thing to do.

Man—Well, in that case I may as well get busy.

Wife—I'm not familiar with the way you do it. Just where do you start?

Man—Just leave that to me, Madam. I recommend the in the bathtub and one or two on the couch, and a couple on the floor.

Wife—Bathtub! Floor! Good heavens.

Man—Well, my dear lady, even the best of us can't get a good one every time, but out of six, one is bound to be a beauty. I usually have the best luck with the tub shots.

Wife—You'll forgive me, but it does seem a little informal.

Man—The charm of the whole thing is the informality. Perhaps you'd like to see some samples of my work?

Wife—Samples? Well, I suppose so. After all, there is no hurry, is there?

Man—No indeed, that's right. In my line one can't do his best work in a hurry (Opens album and shows it to her.) Look at this baby. It's a good job and took four hours, but isn't it a beauty?

Wife—Yes, indeed. A lovely child.

Man—But for a touch assignment, have a look at this one. Believe it or not, it was on the top of the Michigan Avenue bus.

Wife—A Michigan Avenue bus?

Man—It's really not hard when you know how, and when a man in my line knows how his work is really a pleasure. Now here's a shot that was made at Marshall Field's at high noon. See sir! One shot, mind you!

Wife—Well, even one shot at Marshall Field's costs a little while.

Man—Well, there's a little secret about that. The mother of the child was a movie actress and needed a little publicity. And did she get it. But the most difficult job I ever tackled in my whole career was this (he turns and shows her a picture of twins).

Wife—Oh, my! What?

Man—Yes, and the busiestest boys you ever saw. I knocked that job out at central park.

Wife—Gordons?

Man—Yes, madam, it took from 1 in the afternoon until 5. I never worked under more difficult circumstances. What ith people car and five deep crowding and pushing to get a look.

Wife—About four and five dozen?

Man—Yes, you be everywhere. Just imagine, more than three hours under handicap like that. Now caps helped us. I could have taken another shot outside before dark, but then the squirrels started gnawing at my equipment.

ABSTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE  
STATE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

1. I cannot get sick pay. Have six children. Can you tell my why?
2. This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?
3. Mrs. Brown has not had clothing for a year and has been visited regularly by the Clergy.
4. I am glad to say that my husband, who was reported missing, is now dead.
5. Sirs: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and six children. I have seven but one died which was baptised on a half sheet of paper.
6. I am writing to say that my baby was born two years old. When do I get my money.
7. I am forwarding my marriage certificate and three children, one of which is a mistake as you see.
8. Please find for certain that my husband is dead. The man I am living with now can't eat or do anything until he knows.
9. I am very much annoyed to find that you have branded my boy an illiterate. This is a dirty lie as I was married to his father a week before he was born.
10. In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.
11. Unless I get my husband's money very soon I will be forced to lead an immortal life.
12. You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will this make any difference?
13. Please send my money as I have fallen into error with my landlord.
14. I have no children, yet my husband is a bus-driver and works day and night.
15. In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.
16. I want my money as quick as I can get it. I have been in bed with my doctor for two weeks and he doesn't seem to be doing me much good, if things don't improve I will have to send for another doctor.
17. My husband had his prostate cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since.

ARE YOU OVER THE HILL?

It ain't the gray in a man's hair that makes him old,  
Nor the far away look in his eye, I'm told;  
But when the mind makes a contract the body can't fill,  
You're over the hill, Brother, you're over the hill.

When you look on a Venus and just heave a sigh,  
When you hear a bum joke and laugh till you cry,  
Then it's all in your head, and you've lost the old thrill,  
You're over the hill, Brother, you're over the hill.

You can fool the dear wife by the cleverest lies,  
You can shear the dear lamb, an' pull t'n wool o'er her eyes;  
but, when she calls for an encore and you claim you are ill,  
You're over the hill, Brother, you're over the hill.

Better salvage the engine, Old Boy, if you can,  
For Lydia Pinkham can't help out a man;  
and you can't buy a glant in a little pink pill,  
When you're over the hill, you're over the hill.

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS: A PORTRAIT IN RED TAPE

Here's a memorandum,  
Add it to the pile,  
Make it out in duplicate  
And put it in the file.

Ring-a-ring-a-roses,  
Pocketful of rye,  
Farmer in the dell,  
Will someone tell me why?

Calling for a conference,  
Impossible to waive it,  
Put it on the record,  
Get an affidavit.

Old King Cole,  
Baked in a pie,  
Cock-a-doodle-doo,  
Will someone tell me why?

Cover the proceedings,  
Put it on the docket,  
Make it out in triplicate,  
Shove it in your pocket.

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
Said the spider to the fly,  
My dame has lost her shoe,  
Will someone tell me why?

Be sure to take the minutes,  
Don't let them get away,  
Jot it in your notebook,  
Toss it in the tray.

Sing a song of sixpence,  
My mouth is very dry,  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
Will someone tell me why?

Needed a report,  
The mixture as before,  
Type it in quadruplicate,  
Slip it in a drawer.

Four-and-twenty blackbirds,  
And they began to cry,  
Pease-porridge hot,  
Will someone tell me why?

Hey, diddle, diddle,  
Pocketful of rye,  
Farmer in the dell,  
*Won't someone tell me why?*

—SAMUEL YELLEN



ough-looking Nazi soldiers callously typical example of what war is like.

## to learn

In the regular course of its fact-reporting of the world, LIFE shows its readers in vivid picture-story form what this war *looks* like, *feels* like, and *does to people*.

LIFE has shown how Greeks starve to death, how Russians are hanged by the invading Nazis, how Poles and Frenchmen have been deported to work in Germany's slave-labor gangs. LIFE has illustrated and described the sufferings of American



## FALSE ALARMS



"Now this is too much pressure. . . . See what I mean?"

### Raised-Eyebrow Dept.

—and then there's the Scotchman who took his girl to the beach and told her shady stories so he wouldn't have to rent an umbrella.

### Naturally

A new fireman was frequently late, and always had a different excuse. Arriving an hour late one morning, he was greeted by the Captain with: "Well, Brown, what's your story this time?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "my daughters were afraid of the storm last night and turned the mirror on the mantelpiece round to the wall. When I came downstairs this morning I couldn't see myself in the looking-glass, and, naturally, I thought I'd gone to work!"

### Sure Test

"Halt; who goes there?"

"American."

"Advance and recite the second verse of 'The Star-Spangled Banner'."

"I don't know it."

"Proceed, American!"

### Disgusted

"When you jump," said the officer to the parachutist about to make his first leap, "count to 10 and pull the rip cord. If nothing happens, count 10 more and pull the second rip cord. When you get down, a truck will be waiting to take you back to camp."

The rookie jumped out of the plane, counted to 10, pulled the first cord. Nothing happened. He counted to 10 once more, pulled the second cord. Again nothing happened. Said he, in disgust: "Phooey. I'll bet that truck won't even be down there and I'll have to walk back to camp."

The old saying that when the cat's away the mice will play is probably true. But maybe the cat ain't having such a bum time.

### Eligible

An Australian tried to enlist, but was refused because of bad feet. Next morning he presented himself again before the doctor.

"It's no use, I can't take you, as you couldn't stand the marching," said the medicos. "But why are you so insistent?"

"Well, Doc," said the man. "I walked 187 miles to get here, and I hate to walk back."

### Gunner

"So your husband's in the Army now, Mrs. Worritt?"

"Yes, they've made him a gunner, an' that's what he's been ever since I married him!"

"Always been a gunner?"

"Yes, ever since I knew him he's been 'gunner do this' an' 'gunner do that,' but he never did anything worth while!"

### British Humor

An old salt was standing at the bar, telling the tale to the visitors. "Yes," he said, "and there we was, thirty men and one pretty girl wrecked on this 'ere desert island for two weeks." "By Jove, was she chaste?" remarked one of the listeners. "Blime guvner, not 'arf, all over the blue pencil island," was the reply.

### Expectant

Her: "Darling, do you know that soon there will be three sharing our little love-nest?"

Him: "No, honey, are you sure?"

Her: "Positively. I had a letter from mother just this afternoon and she is coming to live with us next week."

Captain: "The only difference between you and a horse is that a horse wears a collar."

Fireman: "But I wear a collar, too."

Captain: "Then I was wrong, there isn't any difference at all."

"I've been misbehaving lately and my conscience is troubling me."

"I see and since I'm a psychiatrist you want something to strengthen your will power?"

"No, something to weaken my conscience."

### Stingy

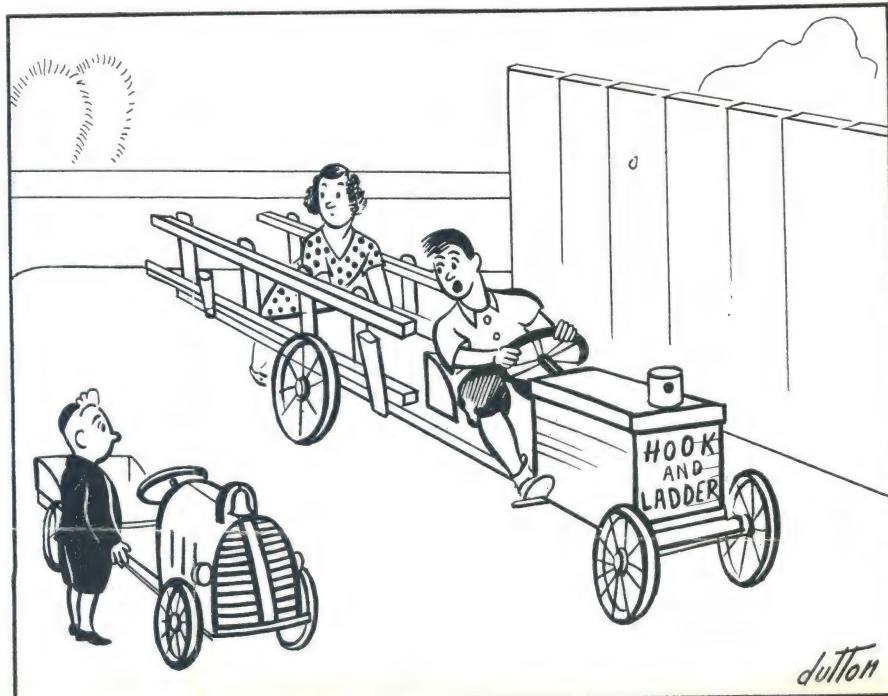
The stingiest man we ever heard of bought his bride a nickel's worth of peppermint lozenges and took her on a trolley-ride honeymoon. When they got off the car he said, "Honey suppose we save the rest of this candy for the children."

### Timmmm-Berrrrr!

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it

In a cabin quite old and medieval;  
A viper espied her and plied her with  
cider—

And now she's the forest's prime evil!



"O. K., you be the Fire Auxiliary Corps. We'll call you when we need you!"



# PUT OUT FIRES FASTER, SAFER

*with this amazing, new  
all-purpose nozzle!*



**STRAIGHT STREAM**



**NARROW FOG PATTERN—GREAT PROJECTION**



**WIDE PATTERN FOR PROTECTION**

Four variable fog patterns—plus straight stream—enable the new Aqua-Gas nozzle to extinguish nearly any type of fire with greater efficiency and safety . . . and with an absolute minimum of water damage. Dense three-dimensional fog patterns without voids or hollow cones: heat absorption factors up to 375,000 BTU smother flames, dispel smoke, and remove noxious fumes.

Aqua-Gas nozzles, operating at from 10 to 50 GPM, conserve water, and are ideal for use with portable equipment. Fog is safe against electrical and oil fires. Straight stream tip sizes—from  $\frac{1}{8}$ " to  $\frac{1}{2}$ "—are quickly interchangeable. At 30-degree angle, straight stream carries 80 feet using  $\frac{3}{8}$ " tip on  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " nozzle. Mail coupon below for FREE catalog.

## Aqua-Gas NOZZLES

### FIRE APPLIANCE COMPANY

926 HOWARD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
**SEND FOR THIS FREE BULLETIN!**

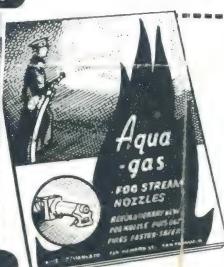
GENTLEMEN: Please send me your free illustrated bulletin on the new Aqua-Gas all-purpose nozzle.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

FE72



RQD

A complete new system of industrial procedure in Washington, to become effective April 1st, 1943, was announced today.

It will be known as the RQD or Request, Quandry and Deferment Plan. The Plan is simplicity itself, centering around 173 Requirement Agencies, with more to come. Each Requirement Agency is subdivided into Bureaus, Divisions, Branches, Sections, Units and People. The last item is an innovation, being tried for the first time in this country. Authorities differ, of course, as to if and how this feature will work.

The RQD organization has been assigned quarters in the Pentagon Building, which unfortunately has space enough to house only some of the more important Agencies. The Army has been moved out of Pentagon and is housed in tents down by the Potomac River. It is now known as the Second Army of the Potomac.

A brief description of RQD is as follows: If you want to procure materials, you make a request on Form IQ-798. One copy goes to the Producer of such materials, one copy to the proper Requirement Agency, if known. (If not known, ask either the U. S. Bureau of Information or the night doorman at the Carlton Hotel). One copy goes to the Washington Zoo, one copy to Mrs. Roosevelt's sick Aunt in Peekskill, New York and one copy to Mrs. Roosevelt's National Youth Administration.

The producer now reprints 10,000 copies for distribution among a selected list of recognized official authorities in Washington. To get on that list you must:

1. Send \$100.00 to Who's Who.
2. Spend at least six months in a recognized institution for the feeble minded.
3. Possess a Short Snorter Card.

The producer now takes a copy of the form, puts it in his pocket and starts for Washington. When he gets to Pentagon - but let me tell you. Last Tuesday, a prominent manufacturer from the Middle West entered Pentagon at 10:00 o'clock in the morning. He started wandering around and when he came out, by God it was Saturday afternoon and he was in Philadelphia! Somehow or other the St. Bernard dogs, that are maintained in Pentagon to track down and succor luckless visitors who get lost, had missed this particular man and it was only by the grace of God and his own splendid sense of direction that he hadn't been diverted through Corridor 976 onto the Pennsylvania turnpike.

Having made clear exactly how Requests are handled, we come to the second, or Quandry phase of RQD. This is known as the basic, or preliminary stage, and applies only to manufacturers of Class "A" products. Class "A" products are not Class "B" products unless the Class "B" products are also consumed by the manufacturer who manufactures Class "A" products, in which case Class "B" products are considered to be Class "A" products and are treated accordingly. It's as simple as that.

Now having disposed of Qunadry, we come to Deferment, which is really the essence of the whole R&D Plan. To begin with, each manufacturer has to fill out a questionnaire, which is supposed to engage his entire attention through the ensuing quarter or until the next plan is ready to be issued.

A digest of the questionnaire is as follows: If during the previous quarter you used or had in inventory, any of the commodities listed in Section I, Item 10, Article 117, state the amount so involved and remember that Section #5-A of the Criminal Code makes it a criminal offense to make any statement without certifying to the best of your knowledge and belief that the information therein contained is correct and complete so help you God and the Continental Congress. Now state the quantity put into production, receipts and shipments during the previous quarter, deduct the amount of your inventory, invert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication.

Also state your relationship to the deceased, name the Vice-President of the United States during the first Coolidge administration, who killed cock robin, and where were you on the night of June third? Answer yes or no.

The simplicity of this plan has appealed to all who have reviewed it, and it is believed that this new system will eliminate most of the complications that have been so much criticized in plans heretofore employed.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

How to have a HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Don't know if you've decided  
Just what you're gonna do  
To CELEBRATE your Birthday --  
But here's a TIP or two  
On how some OTHER people  
Have enjoyed the day in question!  
So read their tales -- and maybe  
They will give you some SUGGESTION.

"HOOT MON!" says Jock Mc Tavish -  
"I really got a THRILL  
When my friends dropped in wi' PRESENTS  
TILL I LATER GOT THE BILL!"

"I tried to DROWN my sorrow  
At my AGE", says Susie Quince,  
"And had such FUN in doing it  
I ain't been SOBER SINCE!"

"My Birthday started with a BANG"  
says OSCAR TOOTLE ACKERS,  
Thanks to Junior's PLAYFULNESS  
And several CANNON CRACKERS!"

"My Birthday was the SAME DAY  
That I heard", says Elsie Orr,  
"That rich old Uncle John KICKED OFF --  
And need a gal say MORE???"

"My HUNDREDTH Birthday was a WHIZ",  
Says Henry Abner Muggs,  
"By gum, there's NO one has more fun  
Than us here JITTERBUGS!"

"No sprees for ME", says Emma Blimp --  
Just SETTIN' suits me DANDY!  
I had a GRAND time right at HOME  
With SEVEN pounds of CANDY!"

"I like to spend it SNOOZING!  
Why, in fact", says Sam Mac Guire  
"I've never gotten up but ONCE  
When the BEDCLOTHES CAUGHT ON FIRE!"

"I claim a gal should KEEP IN SHAPE",  
Says Miss Ophelia Hurdle,  
"So I got some Birthday EXERCISE  
By hauling on MY GIRDLE!"

"I slept right thru my Birthday -- Which was FINE," says Homer Quinn  
"Thanks to some assistance from the Missus' ROLLING PIN!"

"To give is far more blessed than RECEIVE",  
says Emma Rind,  
"So I spent the day in GIVING  
John some pieces OF MY MIND!"

And now you've heard THOSE STORIES  
It should be quite plain to see  
There's no TRICK to having Birthdays  
That are HAPPY AS CAN BE!

So if you want to please your friends  
You'd better start right now  
To figure out your program  
For a DARNED SWELL TIME AND HOW!  
For this sure does bring GOOD WISHES  
And you bet that every one  
Is for SUPER JOY, the TOPS in CHEER, -- and

RECORD BREAKING FUN!  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents of every bottle down the sink or else -- . So I proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next one and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork from the bottle, and I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour.

When I had everything empty I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sink with the other, which were 29, and as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses and sinks counted except one house which I drank.

That a wife little nicey I have - there I was hofter than a drunk owl.

"DON'T BE MISLED"

He tried me on the sofa,  
He tried me on the chair,  
He tried me on the window  
sill, he couldn't get it there.

He tried me lying on the couch,  
I stood against the wall.  
I even sat upon the floor, It  
wouldn't work at all.  
He tried it this & that way,  
Oh, how I did laugh,  
To see how many ways he tried  
To get my photograph.

"THE LOVE LIFE OF A CAMEL"

The love life of a camel,  
Is not what one would think;  
He tried to make love to the Sphinx;

But the Sphinx's posterior orpheus  
was jammed with the sands of  
the Nile -

Which accounts for the humps on the  
Camel's back, and the Sphinx's  
inscrutable smile -

Young girl enters hospital and addresses the nurse!

Girl: I want to see the upturn..

Nurse: You mean the intern

Girl: O. K. Intern

Girl: But, I want a contamination

Nurse: You mean examination.

Girl: Well, anyway, I want to go to the Fraternity Ward

Nurse: You mean the Maternity Ward

Girl: O.K. "Upturn - Intern

Contamination - Examination

Fraternity Ward - Maternity Ward"

All I know is "I haven't demonstrated for two months and I  
think I'm stagnant!"

IT REALLY DID HAPPEN --

There was a Major in the Air Corp. and an attractive young lady asking for rooms in a popular down-town Hotel and the clerk informed them that there was only one room available but that it had twin beds and if the Major and the young lady wouldn't mind sharing the room it would be alright. So they agreed. The clerk called a bell-boy and he took the suitcases up to the room.

A little later the Major and the lady retired. The Major fell promptly asleep. The lady layed there awhile then she said "Major", don't forget your luncheon appointment tomorrow. The Major replied, "I won't", and went to sleep again. About 10 minutes later the lady said "Major" I don't forget your golf game tomorrow, and the Major replied "He wouldn't", then went to sleep for the third time.

So about 30 minutes later the lady said "Major"!! don't forget your dinner engagement tomorrow night" and the Major said "I won't", but instead of going to sleep he turned over and looked at the lovely young lady and said "Let's pretend we are man and wife", at that the lady jumped out of her bed and crawled in with the Major and then said sweetly "What are we going to do now?" The Major replied "FOR GOD'S SAKE, SHUT UP AND GO TO SLEEP."

- THE END -

## MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY

Every man secretly thinks he is God's gift to women. ~~Nowhere~~ in his vanity more apparent than in matters of sex and intercourse. He is confident he always thrills and delights a woman. However, in spite of this wonderful confidence in himself physicians estimate that only one man in ten understands how to perform the act of intercourse so he and his wife obtain maximum satisfaction and mutual pleasure.

Writing in the June 29, 1929 issue of "Liberty", John B. Watson, celebrated psychologist said: "How many wives are happy today? How many husbands are any happier? How many men and women are free from the restless sex urge which disturbs so many homes? It is estimated that only 20% of the married women have learned how to have successful relationship with their husbands. This means that in 80% of the homes today there is restlessness and unhappiness. The men know nothing or little about training their wives. Most husbands and wives are not even frank enough to talk about their problems and to try to reach an adjustment. Bitterness grows up. Wives used to grin and endure it, but now divorces increasingly come in to help solve the problem. The sex problem must be solved before the individual is free to pursue his other vocations. It rarely occurs to the average man that it is usually his fault if his wife does not enjoy having intercourse with him. His vanity and lack of understanding blinds him to the reality of the situation. Chief responsibility for success or failure of the love act rests upon the husband. Most men are too selfish or uninformed on sex to give consideration to the wife. They obtain satisfaction, but ignore her needs, leaving her in a state of suspense and tormented with desire. This explains why there are thousands of women who dread having intercourse with their husbands; who avoid it as much as possible, knowing it only means they will become aroused and then left unsatisfied and in a highly nervous condition. Who can blame a woman for losing interest in the love act after a few such unhappy experiences? She logically reasons it is foolish for her to do her part in gratifying her husband if he will not try to give her satisfaction. When his wife shows signs of dissatisfaction or indicates the love act is a distinct disappointment to her, the average husband quickly places the blame upon her; tells her she is physically deficient or abnormal in some way. Only rarely is he intelligent enough about sex matters to realize he is the one who is at fault and reasons out what he can do to correct this unpleasant situation. If a woman's desires are constantly thwarted or only partially appeased she will in time become neurotic, irritable, and perhaps a victim of pelvic trouble or other female disorders.

Even the selfish, uninformed husband, who thinks only of his own pleasure, cannot obtain maximum satisfaction unless his wife cooperates with him. Her cooperation is impossible if the act is distasteful to her. Therefore, it behoves him to learn how to properly perform the act so he can instruct her and enable each to obtain the greatest amount of pleasure and satisfaction.

All normal men and women have instinctive sex cravings. When a man finds his wife objecting to intercourse he should quickly begin analyzing the situation and find out the reason she objects. Many couples sublimely ignorant of sex and too timid to inquire, stumble through life with only a vague idea of the delights of intercourse and wondering why other people enjoy it so much.

Enlightened couples now understand that sex and intercourse vitally effect their happiness. They know the love act is something beautiful and inspiring rather than something low and bestial which has to be discussed furtively with a feeling of shame.

#### FRANKNESS IS NECESSARY

Sociologists, psychologists, physicians and exologists, in fact, all thinking people generally agree there should be more frank discussion of sex; that both old and young should have more education on sex matters.

Dr. W. P. Robie, who has written numerous books on sex, advocates bringing sex instruction in college and high schools. He suggests the establishment of schools where candidates for matrimony should be taught the essentials of love just before marriage.

He also said, "Woman's ultra-refinement from physical love has made her a nervous wreck, a physical weakling, propagandist, opportunist or courtesan, open or clandestine, as the case may be. Women must learn that it is not alone man's unbridled passion nor his ignorance of the art of love that have broken up homes and caused him to go to the prostitute or to seek divorce; but it is very largely due to their own lack of understanding of their own true natures and utter ignorance of the natures of men."

Havelock Ellis, said in his studies: "Numberless are jovial and contented husbands who have never suspected, and who will never know that their wives carry with them, something with silent resentment, the ache of mysterious tabus. The feeling that there are delicious privacies and privileges which she never has been asked to take or forced to accept, often neurotically, divorces a wife from her husband who never realized what he has missed. The case of such husbands are all the harder because, for the most part all they have done is the result of morality that has been preached to them. They have acquired the notion that sexual indulgence and all that pertains to it is something low and degrading, at the worst a mere natural necessity, at best a duty to be accomplished in a direct honorable and straightforward manner. No one seems to have told them that life is the art and that to gain real possession of a woman's soul and body is a task that requires the whole of a man's best skill and insight."

→ The following is by Raymond Pike: "To be really understood, to say what she likes, to utter innermost thoughts in her own way,

to cast aside the traditional conventions that call and repress her, to have someone near her with whom she can be quite frank, and yet know that not a syllable of what she says will be misinterpreted or mistook but rather felt just as she feels it, ~~and~~<sup>so</sup> how wonderfully sweet is this to every woman, and how few mean are there who can give it to her."

A wife must realize there is an actual need for sex love and that it is not something which debases her mentally or spiritually. Proper consummation of intercourse elevates both husband and wife to their highest mental and physical plane. Some women, due to prudish beliefs taught them during childhood, think it is base and immodest to show signs of passion and sexual desires. They make every effort to stifle natural desires; they passively acquiesce to the husband instead of fully cooperating so each could obtain the mental and physical thrills they should enjoy. This type of woman will often carry her absurd ideas so far in suppressing her sex cravings she finally becomes morose, nagging or suffers from physical disorders which endanger her health. There is no excuse for any woman clinging to such ridiculous beliefs regarding sex and the love act. Intelligent women know that intercourse has a vital bearing on the happiness of every married couple.

When the act is not satisfactory the smart wife will find out what is wrong; she has probably heard other women comment on its delights and is anxious to obtain the pleasure she feels is due her. Accurate helpful information may be obtained by reading or consulting physicians who have given the sex problem deep study.

If normal couples had intercourse only when they wanted to bring children into the world it would mean stifling natural sexual impulses until they were no longer normal and, therefore, unfit to be parents.

No joy approaches that of the ecstatic wedded embrace in the highest point of the love act. It is the spiritual, mental and physical blending of two beings to achieve this delightful state ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> the wife must give her fullest cooperation, her active and unrestrained response during intercourse. She should never hesitate in discarding her innate reserve. She should thrill her husband with passionate caresses and seductive postures during the preliminary wooing; she should give herself unreservedly to him during the act and tell him by words and actions he is making her deliciously happy and thrilling her tremendously. One should study him and determine what inflames him to the highest degree of passion. All prostitutes, who deal in love on a commercial basis, study men and know what appeals to them. Should not a wife who loves her husband and wants to make him happy, give thought to making herself desirable and transporting him to new and dizzier emotional heights during intercourse? The wife should never be timid in asking her husband to perform the love act if she is passionate and desirous. It will please him to be asked to grant her his sexual favors.

Half the pleasure a man derives from intercourse is in thrilling his wife. The considerate husband will ask if she is enjoying it, whether he can do anything to intensify her pleasure. If for some unusual reason she fails to enjoy it she should let him know about it. A wife is justified in pretending she had a wonderful orgasm and was intensely thrilled by her husband's efforts, it adds to his happiness to think he gave her exquisite pleasure. She can easily make her husband think she has come if she clutches him to her frantically; crushes her lips to his and murmurs passionate endearments at the climax of the love act. If her husband is always considerate of her, she should not hesitate in stimulating passion, even though she may not be in the mood just then.

She should never be hesitant in telling him what gives her the most exquisite sensations. She should always inform him what movements produce the keenest delight; she should tell him how she likes to have him do it just before she begins coming and when she reaches the climax. If she is frank in telling him these things and assists the husband in correctly performing the act ~~#~~ she will get the greatest amount of pleasurable sensations.

Husband and wife should experiment with the different positions until they have found one which is suitable and desirable. Any position is perfectly proper if it is productive of the desired effect. Some women can come only when they are on the top making the movements; others cannot obtain an orgasm unless the husband approaches them from behind. It all depends upon the individual. Women also vary greatly as to the number of times they come. Some extremely passionate women will come only once, others will come several times, with their passion mounting with each successive climax. There is nothing abnormal or unusual in the women who comes six or eight times during the intercourse. In the wooing prior to intercourse she should actively respond to her husband's advances, kissing and caressing him, fondling his penis and doing anything else she knows will inflame him. She should cultivate muscular ability inside her vagina. With a little practice she can soon develop her ability to manipulate these ~~X~~ muscles, opening and contracting <sup>him</sup> upon his penis. This ability also intensifies her pleasure. She should not stop her movements at the climax until her husband indicates he is finished. At the climax the wife should to her utmost to create the greatest possible amount of friction upon the husband's penis to heighten his thrills. # Although the wife should be wary of being seen in the nude she should always discard all of her clothing during intercourse as the greatest pleasure is obtained when both are unclad.

#### CLEARLINESS

There is never any excuse for a man or woman not bathing daily and keeping immaculately clean. A woman's sense of smell is much

keener than a man's. A wife is repelled by her husband's advances if she is conscious of an unpleasant odor. He should never attempt the love act with a heavy growth of beard on his face. This is not only distasteful to her, but the rough stubble irritates and hurts her tender soft skin. A man can profitably emulate his wife by shaving his armpits. The sight of large clusters of hair under his arms, matted with perspiration, is hardly likely to stimulate a woman's passion. A woman should always keep herself clean to enable her husband to kiss any part of her body without coming in contact with offensive odors. Nothing so quickly disgusts a man as to discover that a woman is careless about keeping clean. Some women, too lazy to bathe daily try to camouflage their lack of cleanliness by using quantities of perfume, talcum and bath powders, but they only fool themselves with this practice.

A daily douche should be as much of a woman's hygenic ritual as brushing her teeth after each meal. She can take a warm bath with safety while she is menstruating. There are numerous excellent liquids and powders which make an ideal douche. They are harmless, powerful and odorless and are not expensive. Any druggist can suggest several effective antiseptics to be used as a douche. These are harmless, powerful and will destroy any germ life but will not injure a woman's sensitive organs or tissues. Some women prefer using vaginal suppositories to a douche. Numerous types of suppositories are also available at all drug stores. They are not generally popular, however, as they make a woman's vagina quite greasy, giving her a rather unpleasant sensation. The best method of taking a douche is to first take a bag of luke warm water and then follow it with a bag full of cold water.

A woman can be sure of absolute cleanliness by using only cold water as germs cannot live in it. A husband should always go to the bathroom and bathe his penis and genitals after an intercourse. Some men are inclined to be careless in this matter and give the penis a wipe with a towel.

Parents who have young sons should instruct them in the dangers of promiscuous relations with girls and women. It is the parent's duty to advise their children of the danger of venereal diseases. All drug stores carry prophylaxis which if used immediately after intercourse materially reduce the danger of infection.

#### NUDNESS & MODESTY

Many marriages which start out with every indication of being successful, ~~succeed~~ disastrously because husband and wife lose all sense of modesty in the intimacy of their association. There is no reason for discarding all semblance of refinement and becoming vulgar or common. Men are usually worse offenders than women, but when a woman becomes coarse she is usually offensive to any well-bred person. Some women think nudeness is always alluring to a man but if a husband constantly sees his wife unclothed, it soon

ceases to be a novelty. A woman must be unusually well-proportioned and have beautiful skin to show to advantage in the nude. The average woman shows to a far better advantage when clad in sheer, filmy lingerie, which accentuates the soft contours of her body and heightens her allure, more than when she is in the nude. The clever wife knows her husband's interest is increased if he does not see too much of her and has something left for imagination to dwell upon. She should not think he is crude and vulgar if he at times wants to see her unclothed; every man enjoys an occasional look at his wife now and then, but they will rarely admit it. It is in very poor taste, however, for either party to constantly appear before the other when unclad. Due to childhood activities such as swimming, etc., when undressed before others, most men think nothing at all of stalking around before anyone stark naked.

There is nothing immodest in discarding all clothing during intercourse, as the most exquisite sensations are obtained when husband and wife can embrace without the restrictions of clothing. Husband and wife should respect each other's desires for privacy and not rush in on one another unannounced. There are times when everyone likes privacy and this should be respected. Some men and women think that after marriage there is no longer any necessity for adhering to the little niceties of life, that marriage automatically eliminates all restrictions. This attitude is certain to result in lessened respect for each other and ultimately leads to difficulties. If every husband and wife should show each other consideration, it would do away with many marital troubles which frequently start with some trivial matter and gain in magnitude until the warring parties eventually seek the divorce courts in order to settle their difficulties.

Only in extremely rare instances is a woman frigid and wholly unresponsive. The most glacial types will respond to the right man, if he is skilled in the art of intercourse, two or three times a week, just before, during, and after menstrual period they may desire it more often. Some women become passionate as soon as they are kissed or caressed, but most wives must be wooed before their desire is aroused very quickly. It is a well known fact that a woman can stand a great deal of intercourse without being injured in any way. She is almost invariably bone-fitted mentally and physically, if she indulges with moderate frequency and obtains satisfaction.

Most neurotic, pale, emaciated and irritable women are brought to that condition, directly or indirectly, by improper performance of the love act, unsatisfactory intercourse is a severe strain on a woman's nervous system. Highly passionate women who are constantly left unsatisfied by their husband's become nervous and irritable and finally refuse to participate in intercourse unless he flatly demands it of them. It is such neglect which causes women to become infidelious. The healthiest and happiest couples are those who have moderate and satisfactory intercourse regularly without any long periods of denial.

A comparatively few women of the intellectual type, incorrectly informed as to sex and benefits gained from intercourse think it smart to decline passionate manifestations as repellent. This type refuses to accept advice and continues repression of normal sex yearnings until they have some serious mental or physical disorder. Women who come only once during intercourse are just as normal as those who have several very violent orgasms, but each should be satisfied as it is better for a woman to feel neglected than to have her husband perform the act improperly and leave her nervous and tormented with desire.

A woman's innate delicacy makes the thought of intercourse during her menses very distasteful, but those who suffer from extreme nervousness and great pain while menstruating, will find that moderate intercourse at this time will usually eliminate or at least alleviate these conditions. It is much better to overcome the objections to the idea than to suffer intense pain or nervousness.

Most of the older people are inclined to say that sex intercourse is useful for the young but worthless for the old. The majority of pessimistic, sour-faced men over sixty and the shriveled up, sharper tongued women over fifty are brought to that condition as a result of the premature closing of their sexual life, after years of improper living. Both men and women show pronounced improvement mentally and physically if educated in the art of intercourse at this time of life. Only rarely does the medical profession come in contact with men under sixty years of age who are actually impotent but many men of this age due to nervousness and fear of their ability to perform the act think it is impossible for them to obtain gratification in the sexual embrace.

Consultations with a specialist will usually show them their difficulty is entirely mental; that they still have several years of sex activity to look forward to. Women also suffer from mental troubles in regard to the sexual function, believing it is injurious to them to have intercourse after they reach the middle age. They will find life taking on a new meaning for them at this time if they abandon all such erroneous ideas and continue to have intercourse with their husbands at regular intervals. They will discover they are more alert both mentally and physically than they were when they abstained from intercourse.

Cases are recorded of men seventy-five years old who regularly enjoy intercourse each week. Men of strong sexual desire with passionate wives may safely indulge every night when under thirty-five years of age; from two to four times a week between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five and once a week from fifty-five to seventy-five.

Some men try to repress their desires because they think it weakens them physically to come, or emit semen. They also think a

wet dream is a sign of weakness and very injurious. Both of these uninformed men who still cling to these are entirely wrong. After a long period of repression most men cannot keep from coming quickly the first time they have intercourse. However, they can repeat the act two or three times within an hour. A wife must understand this is a natural condition. She should be willing and ready to let him come quickly this first time and renew his nervous tension then he will soon obtain another erection and can very deliberately carry out his part of the act so each derives satisfaction.

Many men and woman are tortured mentally because they occasionally appease acute sex desires by masturbation. Most physicians agree to moderate masturbation as a means of relief, in some cases; especially when couples are separated for a long time, and this method is lessening the sex urge is declared to be harmless.

Husbands and wives often complain there is such a discrepancy in the size of their organs it is impossible for either to obtain satisfaction. The husband will insist his wife's vagina is so spacious he gets but slight sensation during intercourse with her. This statement is most frequently heard after she has had children. The wife sometimes complains that her husband's penis is so large it always hurts her and kills her desire or she may assert his penis is too small to give her any pleasure. Men's penises vary in size and shape. Some are short and thick; some quite slim. They vary in diameter from one inch wide to about two and a half inches wide. The average penis is about six inches long. Less than that is considered small. Over six inches and up to seven and a half inches in length is large. Beyond that is unusually large.

Most women prefer a large penis but a man who understands the part of the man in intercourse, can satisfy his wife regardless of the size of his penis, or whether her vagina is large or small. A man with a small penis can give his wife exquisite pleasure even though her vagina is spacious if he handles his organ skillfully. Except in extremely rare cases any average woman can accommodate her husband even though his penis is unusually large. The chief difficulty encountered where the husband has an extremely large organ and his wife is rather small is if they attempt to insert his penis before she is properly lubricated. If it still hurts after each is well lubricated, they must also try different positions until one is found which is comfortable for both parties. If his penis is small and her vagina is large they must also experiment to attain good results. If the wife will insert his penis then spread her legs together with the husband atop and astride both he maximum friction will be obtained. All men prefer a woman with a small and very tight vagina, as she can give him unusual pleasure due to the greater amount of friction obtained in a small opening. Most women, however, do not have small openings. The wife should always try to keep her vagina as tight as possible during intercourse. With a little practice most women can develop consid-

muscular ability and can tighten their vagina at will. There is never any cause for a husband being rough and hurting his wife. If she is always fearful of being hurt her pleasure is lessened and she cannot unrestrainedly cooperate with him. Men with large organs must always use care, especially if the wife has her legs drawn up until her knees are almost touching her shoulders. When sure they will not be hurt, women like to have the penis thrust in deep, withdrawn and plunged in again.

#### TWENTY-FIVE POSITIONS

There is usually one position which gives the husband and wife more intense pleasure than any of the other positions, and they should experiment until they discover which position they enjoy most.

Most women like to have a pillow under their hips during intercourse, it is less tiring then when lying flat without any support. If the husband is on the bottom, he should place a pillow beneath his hips to elevate his penis so she can have access to it.

Many women derive their intense delight when they are on the top of their husbands, as in this position they can govern the tempo and movements and take as much or as little of his penis as they desire. A mans control is usually better when he is on the bottom letting her make the movements. The following methods of intercourse usually give satisfaction to both husband and wife under ordinary conditions:-

1. She lies on her back with her legs separated and extended upon the bed, he gets on top facing her between her legs.
- ✓2. She lies on her back with either or both of her legs coiled around either or both of his.
- ✓3. She lies on her back with her legs coiled around his back, her legs and feet locked together and resting on his back.
4. She lies on her back with one leg around one of his legs, her other leg encircling his body.
5. She lies on her back and he gets on top and astride either or both her legs.
- ✓6. She lies on her back with her legs drawn up until her knees almost touch her chest.
- ✓7. He lies on his back and she gets on top. She can lie astride of either or both his legs.
- ✓8. He lies on his back, legs extended and held together. She then gets astride both with her legs drawn up in a kneeling position and sits down on his penis facing him or with her back to him.

- ✓9. She lies on her back and inserts his penis, they then roll over partly on the side and he keeps one leg between her legs and draws his other leg up and around her hip.
10. He lies on his back and she gets on top, with one leg between his legs and her other leg drawn up around his pit.
- ✓11. She gets on her hands and knees. He gets back of her on his knees. In this position he can use his hands in fondling her breasts or tickle her clitoris as he makes the movements. Women who have difficulty in coming often respond quickly when in this position and aided by the hand stimulation.
- ✓12. She lies on her back on a table of the proper height. He stands between her legs holding them over his shoulders, or she can wrap them around his body.
13. She lies face down upon a table while he stands back of her. She can keep her feet on the floor or he can hold her legs up with his hands.
- ✓14. He sits on a low narrow chair, bench or stool. She sits astride him face to face, she makes the movements until each is ready for the climax. Then if she cares to, he rises with her legs coiled around his body. A few rapid thrusts and the act.
- ✓15. He sits on a low chair with his legs extended. She sits astride his legs with her back to him and bending forward. She makes all the movements.
16. If his penis is extremely large and she has a small vagina this method is suggested:- He lies on his back partly turned to one side. She lies in his arms back to him one leg slightly drawn up and her other leg raised up and over his knee. This position is also satisfactory if he is very tall and the wife short.
17. She lies on her back and he lies upon his side crosswise in bed. She raises both her legs and places them over his body so that her feet rest upon the bed.
18. She lies on her side with her back to him and he gets slightly below her. She raises her legs so he can insert his penis. After connection is made she places her right leg above and around his hips and extends her left leg, which he clasps between his outstretched legs.
19. She lies on her back and he lies on his left side crosswise in bed. She lifts her right leg and he inserts his penis. After connection is made she places her right leg above and around his hips and extends her left leg which he clasps between his legs.

20. He lies on his back and she lies on her side crosswise in bed in the same position the husband assumes in position 19.
21. He lies on his back both legs extended and separated. She gets astride his body with her feet under his arms and the upper part of her body between his extended legs. He can either keep his legs together or apart.
22. She gets in bed resting on her hands and knees, her buttocks extended over the edge of the bed toward him. He stands on the floor back of her. This is just a variation of position 11.
23. She lies face down with a pillow under her abdomen. He gets back of her between her outstretched legs and she elevates her hips so that he can insert his penis. After the connection is made she lies flat and he gets astride either or both her legs. This method is not recommended if the husband has a small penis and the wife's vagina is rather spacious.
24. Sometimes the husband and wife like to start the love act while standing. She leans back against a table or dresser and places one leg up and around his body as he stands facing her.
25. Another unusual method is for her to lie flat on her back with her legs drawn up until her knees touch her chest. He then gets astride her with his back toward her and leans forward with his weight resting upon his hands. This is called the reverse of position 6.

There are numerous other variations of a more or less acrobatic nature which may be found by experimenting. Quite frequently the husband and wife must resort to an unusual method to achieve satisfactory results on account of some physical malformation of her vagina or pelvis.

There is nothing improper or immodest in the use of any position which will produce exquisite pleasure for the husband or wife. Occasionally one finds a couple which think there is only one way to perform the act; the conventional manner of man on top facing the wife. After other methods have been explained such unenlightened couples discover the hallowed love embrace holds undreamed of delights for them.

#### FIRST INTERCOURSE

An woman's opinion of her husband is greatly influenced by his conduct the first time they have intercourse. If he is brutally hasty and lacks consideration for her, her distaste for him and the sexual act will be so deep years may elapse before she can banish the memories of his crude advances. If he is tender and thoughtful her love for him will be immeasurable increased. Many cases of inharmony and finally divorce can be traced back to improper advances during early married life.

Most women have inaccurate information on the subject of intercourse and are fearful of severe pain. Although she can love him deeply and want to please him, it may take a little time for the wife to abandon beliefs of long standing and adjust herself to something strange and terrifying. If she is extremely nervous it may be several days before her husband obtains complete entry of the penis. But if he is gentle and patient she will soon overcome her fears and begin to enjoy herself.

The opening in which the penis is inserted is called the "vagina". Over the vagina is a thin membrane called the "hymen", which more or less closes the opening. An unbroken hymen is generally accepted as proof a girl or woman is a virgin, but this is not an infallible rule. Many girls break their hymen in childhood while playing strenuous games. Others rupture the hymen with sexual practices which are practically the same as having intercourse.

The "clitoris" is a small organ about the size of a bean situated in the upper part of the vagina, or lips about the vagina. The clitoris is the most sensitive part of the woman's body. When stimulated it takes the form of an erection, the same as a man's penis. Its size and shape varies. Tickling the clitoris or fondling the vulva starts a precoital fluid which nature provides to moisten a woman's genitals and permit pleasant entry of the penis into the vagina. The husband should always wait until she is properly lubricated. If she lacks the natural secretion, he should apply a little K-Y jelly, a harmless and greaseless lubricant to the end of his penis. It is obtainable at all drug stores. Except in unusually rare cases, the first is the only one which will be painful to the wife, and if the husband is careful and considerate, the pain is negligible. Usually the hymen gives way under gently, steady pressure of the penis, but on rare occasions it is too thick and will have to be cut. This should not frighten her as it is a trifling operation and does not require an anesthetic and is practically painless. After the hymen gives way, the husband should very gently press his penis in and then lie quietly on her. She will soon enjoy the feel of his organ

#### CONTROL

The husband who is lacking control is always quickly a highly unsatisfactory love mate. The man who understands the art of intercourse has control, and can maintain intercourse from thirty minutes to an hour without coming and is generally appreciated by a woman. He can always give her indescribable joy. Any husband can acquire the art of control if he makes up his mind to master himself, and it takes practice and will power. A wife's desire for her husband is increased tremendously when he can control himself and she knows it is not necessary for her to hurry madly and come as quickly as possible, or be denied the thrill of the climax. A woman's passion usually develops much slower than a man's.

The husband should understand that although a wife is aroused and passionate, it may take her from five minutes to half an hour of intercourse before she is ready for the climax. After they come once, most women can come again several times before the delirious climax when they come together with the husband. Some women like to just come once, in the climax with the husband. Others enjoy coming several times and obtain an increasingly keener sensation with each orgasm. It all depends upon the individual and how she has been instructed by her husband. After a man comes it will usually be from half an hour to an hour before he obtains another erection. It depends upon his age, general condition and how often he has had intercourse. The man who is ignorant in the art of intercourse never wants to delay after he becomes inflamed with desire and has an erection. He does not understand that delay is often necessary; that it may be several minutes before his wife is properly lubricated or is aroused and wanting him. If he is easily aroused or is tormented with desire, he will probably come the instant the wife places his penis in her warm, moist vagina, or he will ejaculate almost as soon as he presses it in to its full length. The precipitate orgasm may be satisfactory to him, or it may be incomplete and accompanied only by a very mild sensation. In either event, he never satisfied the wife and knowing it is a disappointment to her always chargin the man.

Several things cause precipitate orgasm. If he has not had intercourse for a long time the sight of his wife in bed, clad in attractive clothing, or without any clothing will create in him an almost irresistible desire for her. When in this state of mind he will probably come the moment she begins inserting his penis. If the wife knows this is not a natural condition for him and is a situation over which he has no control she should relieve his tension; she should take his penis in her hand and by gently stroking and manipulating it, cause him to have his orgasm. With the tension relieved, he will soon obtain another erection and can deliberately proceed with delightful relations. When the husband is in this mental state some women prefer to carry on the preliminary wooing only long enough to become lubricated. They then insert his penis and let him come at once. After returning from the bathroom she will probably be aroused and wanting it. They then can have pleasant controlled relations. Either of these methods is better than having the wife aroused and then denied her orgasm because the husband came too quickly. Some men will come too quickly when they are afraid they cannot perform the act or if they realize they fail to satisfy the wife by having a precipitate orgasm. The wife can help him a lot in either case if she builds up his confidence by praising him and assuring him they will have delightful intercourse and that she will not worry.

Many men are calmed if the wife holds their penis in her hand. Others gain control of themselves by placing their penis between her legs or by holding it against her body for a short time. If, under normal conditions, the husband feels he cannot control himself after getting his passion under control he can maintain his desire by continuing to love her and fondle her genitals. When sure he can proceed deliverately, he can then resume.

A man must accustom himself to feeling the spasmodic muscular action inside his wife's vagina when she comes, and she frantically clutches him to her and kisses him passionately. Unless he can maintain control under these conditions, he cannot let her come but once, and every man likes to have his wife come several times before he comes. A man's sexual ability will be impaired if he practices withdrawal having intercourse without coming over a long period. It will finally cause him to have imperfect erections, lessened desire to spoil his control, in addition to affecting her nervous and general health. If he has practiced withdrawal so long, he is unable to have perfect erections he should consult his physician. Withdrawal, or coming outside his wife's vagina, although on rare occasions it may be necessary, but it invariably causes difficulty if the practice is continued. A husband's greatest contribution to delightful intercourse is his ability to control himself so his wife can proceed slowly and come as often as she wants to before both come together. Any man can develop control but many are too selfish and inconsiderate to put forth the required effort.

After resting a few minutes you can proceed until both of you are ready to come together in the delirious climax which is the culmination of married lovers' ideal intercourse. When the husband is coming the wife should do everything possible to heighten the sensation for him. She should draw him to her by coiling her legs over his body; embrace him with her arms and crush him to her breasts, as she covers his lips with burning kisses or holds his tongue deep in her mouth. She should continue her movements until she knows his orgasm is finished. As he lies motionless on top of her, the wife can continue opening and closing her vagins on his penis as they always gives him a delightful sensation. After studying each other a short time, both husband and wife learn what gives the other the greatest thrill in the final frantic moments.

#### MOVEMENTS

Intercourse is not a simple act of inserting the penis and then working it in and out until husband and wife come. However, many men and women think this comprises the love act. Sex relations are thrilling and satisfactory when the husband understands how to make skillful and varied movements and the wife works in unison. She should place a pillow beneath her hips so it will not tire her in keeping her hips elevated in a manner which assures her maintaining firm contact between her clitoris and the penis.

The husband should always "ride high" under her body if he would produce the maximum amount of friction against her clitoris and the upper part of her vagina. If he assumes the correct position every movement will cause exquisite sensations in the parts mentioned. The most common error in intercourse is for the husband to get too far down upon his wife's body and miss contact with the clitoris. All movements should be made from the hips. Some men are very awkward and try to elevate their bodies with

each stroke. The wife should press forward and draw in unison with the husband at all times. He should never get so excited that he makes hard thrusts which causes him to collide with her pelvic bone; neither should he plunge his penis in so deeply he bumps her inside her vagina. Some women delight in rough handling and ask the husband to plunge it in hard when they first begin making connection and they want him to continue thrusting violently all the time.

The husband should not cling to just one movement, variety intensifies the pleasure for both. He can easily determine which movements produce the most exquisite sensations for her and then he can use it enough to keep her constantly thrilled and intoxicated with happiness. Women vary greatly in the methods they prefer when nearing the climax. Some wives want the penis thrust in rapidly to its full length, others get intense delight in having it pressed deep in their vagina and held there with little or no movement. Some want very gentle movements while others demand rough and almost violent action just before and while they are coming. If at any time the wife's vagina becomes too moist to produce close contact and the proper degree of friction, the husband should withdraw and dry his penis on a towel and then resume. This is usually necessary if intercourse has been maintained for a long period.

The following movements can be used advantageously by any husband: After your wife has placed your penis in the opening, gently press it in a short distance and when slowly withdraw, continue pressing it in and withdrawing until you have her well lubricated. After you have worked your penis all the way in, pause for a moment to kiss and caress her, take your time, there is no hurry. Make extremely gentle movements until you have each adjusted yourselves to the proper position.

Very slowly begin your movements, pushing in against the right side of her vagina then making an upward circular movement and withdrawing against the left side of the opening. Vary the circular movements by pushing the penis in and by alternating from right to left.

Slowly withdraw to almost the entire length and then press it all the way in. After holding your penis deep in her vagina for a moment, slowly withdraw and make some of the circular movements. Also vary this by pushing the penis straight in and drawing straight back. Thrust it in quickly, but not roughly, and then slowly withdraw; press in slowly its full length and then quickly withdraw. Start from almost outside her vagina and very slowly work it all the way in to its full length by using varied movements fast, slow, circular and straight in and out, use different moves, but advance the penis so slowly in that it requires a minute or two before you have it worked in to its full length. If these movements are done properly each will obtain keep pleasure.

After this you should rest for a moment in tender and passionate embrace, kissing and caressing and stimulating each other. When you resume, push the penis all the way in until you reach the spot deep inside her vagina and make slow circular movements until she moans with passionate delight. Make rapid straight in and out movements to the full length of your penis until her passion subsides a trifle. The climax is usually keener if the husband brings her right to the verge of the climax several times before he finally makes her come for the first time.

Move high up on her body until the end of your penis remains inside. Then work it up and down, around her clitoris. This produces an exquisite sensation if done very slowly and gently. Slide back down on the normal position and get astride either of her legs and draw one of your legs up around her hips and then take one of her breasts in your mouth and gently suck on it as you make your movements. Both of you will obtain keen pleasure in this manner. Every man enjoys taking his wife's breasts in his mouth and every woman is thrilled when she can feel her husband's penis in her vagina while he is tenderly sucking one of her breasts. The nervous system connects the breasts and the vagina. When she is frantic with desire get back to the position she prefers when she comes and slowly begin using your full length stroke, and gradually increase the tempo until you are doing it hard and fast. When she reaches the climax, moaning and gasping with frenzied passionate abandon, keep the penis pressed in to its full length and make the movements she prefers at that time. Keep right on with your movements until her passionate throbbing has subsided.

#### IDEAL INTERCOURSE

Ideal intercourse is achieved when both wife and husband obtain complete satisfaction. This delightful state is reached only when each understands his or her part of the act; but chief responsibility for success or failure depends upon the husband. His wife is governed largely by his actions and instructions. The wooing preliminary to intercourse should be carried out carefully so each will be in the proper mental and physical state to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

If the preliminaries are lengthy, the act will probably be short. Brief preliminaries permit of longer intercourse in most instances. The husband can get his wife in the proper mood by using the following method:- After each discards all clothing, take her in your arms. Gently kiss her lips, her eyes, her hair, her checks, her breasts and abdomen. All the while you are kissing her you can softly caress her body with your free hand and tenderly massage her nipples and breasts. As she becomes aroused her nipples will get hard and erect; be very gently in these preliminaries, if you are rough and unrestrained you may cause her to lose all desire for it. No woman tires of hearing nice things about herself. She may know it is flattery, but she always likes it. Kiss her nipples and rhythmically move her breasts, then take

her breasts in your mouth and softly suck on them. Do this gently or you may injure her. Vary this by running the top of your tongue back and forth across her nipples.

Although most women are greatly stimulated if their breasts are kissed, there are some which this does not affect. However, every woman usually has some extremely sensitive spot on her body. Softly stroking her skin. Most women are sensitive around the small of the back; slowly stroke her there and continue up and toward her left breast. This usually stimulates her. Vary kissing her breasts with tender and long drawn out kisses on the mouth. Softly suck her tongue if she extends it to you, or if she desires it, let her suck your tongue.

Move your body so your penis is within each reach of her hand. Most women become passionate when they fondle a man's penis and feel it become hard and erect. Although some wives may object to this when first married, however, they usually quickly overcome any dislike they may have, and they delight in fondling their husband's penis during the preliminaries, and their passion increases as they manipulate it until it is erect and throbbing.

With the tips of your fingers lightly caress her stomach and abdomen until you touch the fringe of hair covering the lower part of her abdomen. Slowly draw your fingers up to her thighs; then softly stroke her upper part of the gentle, or private parts, after loving and fondling her until she is quite aroused, you can spread her legs apart and place your right hand on her gentile, completely covering her parts with your hand. Gradually separate the lips of her vagina with your fingers, but proceed slowly lest you scratch the sensitive surface. Draw your middle finger up along the soft, moist tissue between the lips of her vagina and near the top of it and you will find the clitoris. This hypersensitive little organ usually makes her frantic when touched.

Very gently tickle her clitoris with your finger and in a moment you will have started the precoital fluid, or lubricant, which nature provides to make it easy and pleasant to insert the penis. If she becomes too violently passionate when you stimulate her clitoris you can remove your hand until she calms down a trifle. Some women object to having their clitoris touched. This is usually traceable to a childhood habit of masturbation. Some wives like to come once by having the clitoris tickled before inserting the penis. When the wife is ready for intercourse have her turn flat on her back and her legs separated and drawn up. She can then take your penis in one hand and separate the lips of her vagina with the other. After she has inserted your penis, you can proceed with the movements described in the previous sheets. The wife should always insert the penis, unless the husband is on the bottom or some position where it is easier for him to do so. After you have both come together in the final frenzied outburst of passion do not immediately go to the bathroom unless she must go for contraceptive purposes. It is better for the husband and wife to lie in each others arms after intercourse has ended, at

the time love and passion welds you almost as one being, spiritually, mentally and physically. When she returns from the bathroom, take her in your arms and continue loving and caressing her until you are both ready for sleep.

Only the uninformed and ungrateful husband ignores his wife after intercourse. The tenderness at this time makes her understand how deeply you care for her. She then knows the love act was not just an outlet for your passion. Fear of pregnancy prevents many women from enjoying themselves with their husbands. As long as there is fear and it persists it is utterly impossible for husband or wife to obtain maximum pleasure. Most married couples use some method of protection or mechanical device which enables them to have intercourse without danger of the wife becoming pregnant. Some women think they will not become pregnant if they do not come. Any time the husband ejects semen into the vagina there is a chance even though remote she will become pregnant.

Many authorities recommend the following method of withdrawal as a means of avoiding pregnancy:- Intercourse is continued until the wife comes, then after a brief rest she gets on top and makes the movements until he is ready to come. Then she turns quickly over on her side, grasping his penis in her hand and gives it enough friction to cause him to have an ejaculation. This is a modified form of withdrawal. This may seem repulsive to some women, but they should remember it is for their own protection and is not the method the husband would select if he could do otherwise. Many women who have had occasion to use this method say it adds to their enjoyment as they can have a perfect orgasm without fear of becoming pregnant and that it also delights the wife to handle the husband's penis and make him come this way. Often it will so excite a woman she will want to have intercourse as soon as her husband has another erection.

There is another method often used. The wife comes and the husband continues until ready for the climax, then he warns her he is ready. He then withdraws his penis and she quickly places it between her legs and holds it there by clenching her legs together and the husband continues the movements until the friction of his penis against her body or legs makes him come.

Either of these methods is preferable to the ordinary withdrawal. Any married couple can obtain sound advice from a physician which will enable them to avoid the wife becoming pregnant until they can afford to have children and give them opportunities they are entitled to after being brought into the world.

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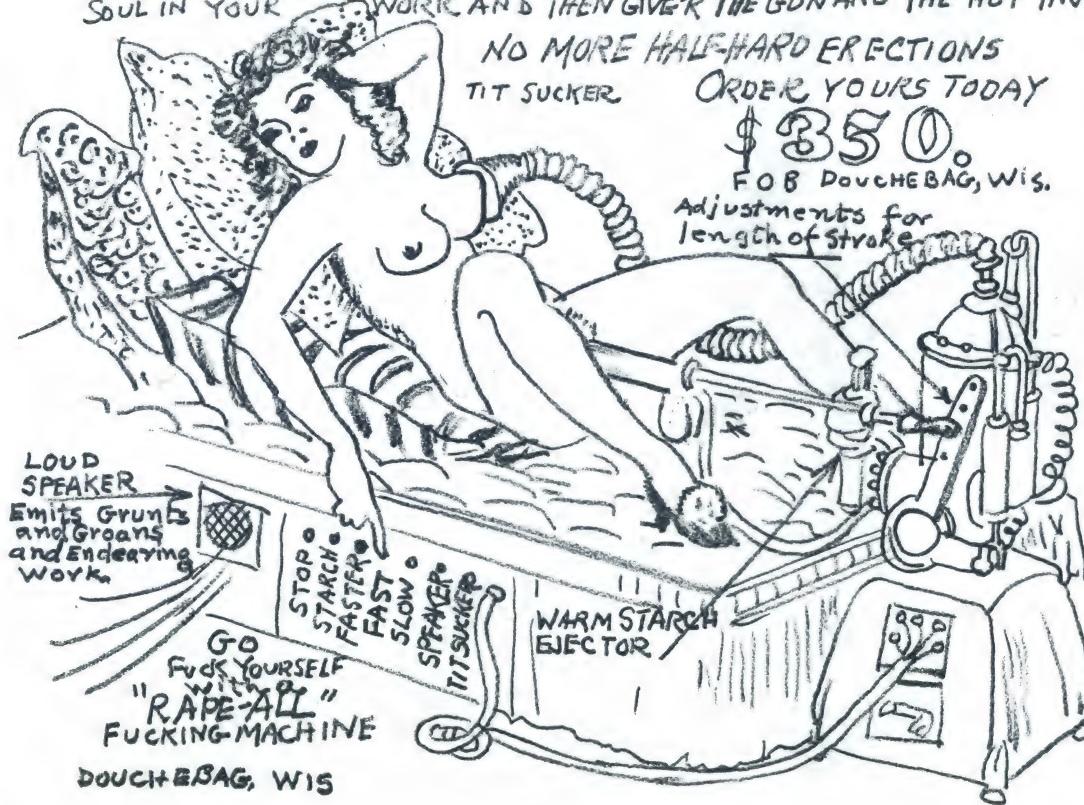
# GIRLS! GIRLS!!

IF YOU MUST BE VIOLATED THEN DO IT THE SAFE AND EASY WAY

LET A GENUINE "RAPE-ALL" CUT YOUR MEAT

YOU HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED THE THRILLS THAT AWAIT YOU IN THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF A MECHANICAL AGE — IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT "RAPE-ALL !!!" "RAPE-ALL" LEAVES YOU UNHARMED BUT GENTLY SATISFIED—NO FUSS—NO MUSS—NO FEAR OF A DANGEROUS MISCARRIAGE—YOU SIMPLY PUT YOUR WHOLE HEART AND SOUL IN YOUR WORK AND THEN GIVE'R THE GUN AND THE HOT INJECTION

OH! GIRLS!!!



## EXTRA ATTACHMENTS



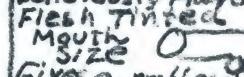
THE COCKSCREW  
Furnished with Right or Left Hand Thread



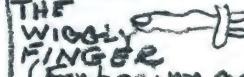
VIBRATING TONGUE  
Perforated for Warm Starch Injection  
Let it LICK Your problems



THE "THRILLER"  
Not to be used by NOVICES!  
Deliciously Flavored Flesh Tinted Mouth Size



Gives a professional job when used with VIBRATING TONGUE



THE WIGGLY FINGER  
(For beginners)

### Godiva on a Sea Horse

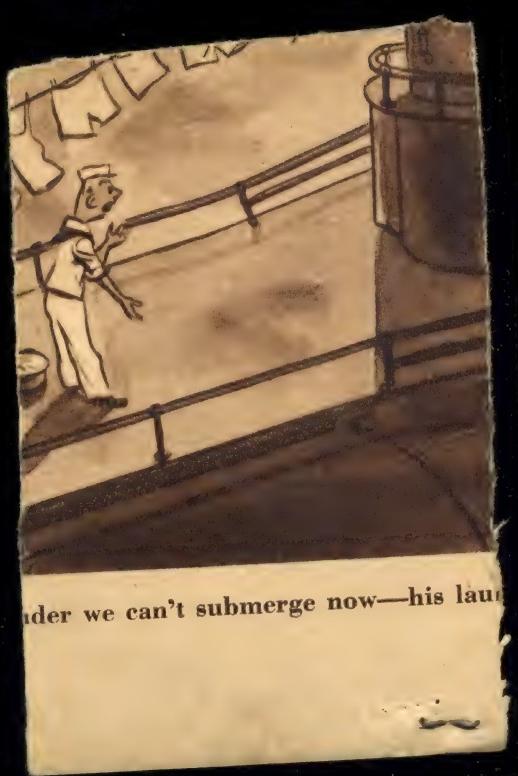
The beautiful army hostess thought she could take a nude swim in the lake at the army camp while the boys were drilling and nobody was nearby.

But a rookie on K. P. duty came down to the lake to scoop up some water and saw her clothes on the bank. He sat and watched. The water was pretty chilly and she got colder and colder but stayed submerged to her neck.

Finally, when her teeth were chattering, she found an old dish pan half buried in the mud. Digging it out, she held it in front of her like a shield and marched ashore.

Indignantly she cried to the rookie, "You wouldn't look so pleased with yourself if you knew what I'm thinking."

"But I do know what you're thinking," said the rookie. "You're thinking that old dish pan's got a bottom in it!"



nder we can't submerge now—his lau

Col. Patootie came home earlier than usual one evening and his wife asked him not to turn on the light as she had a terrible headache and the light would hurt her eyes. He took off his coat in the dark and started taking off his shoes when his wife suggested that he go to the drugstore and get something for her headache. So he put the clothes on and went to the drugstore.

"Gee, I always thought you were a soldier," said the druggist.  
"I am," replied the Colonel.  
"Then," asked the druggist, "why are you wearing that sailor coat?"



If he parks his little  
flivver  
Down beside the moonlit  
river  
And you feel him all  
acquivver  
Baby-----He's a wolf

If he says you're gorgeous  
looking  
And your dark eyes  
set him cooking  
But, your eyes ain't  
where he's looking  
Baby-----He's a wolf

When he says that you're  
aneyeful  
But his hands begin to  
trifle  
And his heart pumps  
like a rifle  
Baby-----He's a wolf

If, by chance, when you  
are kissin'  
You can feel his heart  
a-missin'  
And you talk but he won't  
listen  
Baby-----He's a wolf

If his arms are strong as  
sinew  
And he stirs the Gypsy  
in you  
And you what him close  
agin you  
Baby-----You're a wolf

If he parks his little  
river  
Down beside the moonlit river  
And you left him till  
Bapa---He's a wot

If he sees you, he forgets  
looking  
And you don't see  
But you leave him  
Bapa---He's a wot

When he sees that you're  
surprised  
But this shade begins to  
frighten  
And this part of him  
like a little  
Bapa---He's a wot

If, pa change, when you  
see kissin',  
You can feel his best,  
a-missin',  
And you fast pat me now, it  
frighten  
Bapa---He's a wot

If this shade sits astride  
when  
And he sits the Ghaba  
in you  
And you must him close  
still you  
Bapa---You're a wot

A  
Down beside the moonlit river  
little  
If he parks his little  
river  
Bapa---He's a wot

Dot Leetle Fur Cap  
A christmas poem from the Pennsylvania Dutch

Der next night vas Christmas  
Der night it vas shtill  
Der stockinks ver hung  
By der chimney to fill.  
Nodding vas shturring  
    at all in der house  
For fear dot St. Nicholas  
Vas nix kom heraus.  
Der shilldren ver dried  
Und gone to der bed  
Und Mudder in nightgown  
Und I on ahead  
Vas searchink around  
    in her trunk for der toys,  
Ve krept around kviet,  
    not to make any noise  
Now Mudder vas carrying  
    all der toys in her gown  
Showink her person,  
    from/her vaist down.

    up

Ven as ve kum near  
    der crib uf our boy  
Our yoongest und sweetest,  
    our pride und our choy  
His eyes vide open  
    as he peeked from his cot  
Und seen everytink  
    dot his Mudder has got.  
But he didn't even notice  
    der toys in her lap  
He chust asked, "For who  
    is dot lettle fur cap?"  
Und Mudder said "Hush!"  
Und she laughed mit delight--  
"I tink I give dot  
    to your Father tonight!"

---Q.E.F.

A man, his wife and two daughters were going to a masquerade. The man was all dressed and waiting downstairs for the rest of his family.

First his wife came down absolutely naked carrying a pearl in her hand. The startle husband asked her what she thouth she was doing. She said she was going to the party as Mother of Pearl.

Next his eldest dauther came downstairs wearing only a wrist watch. She claimed she was going as The March of Time.

Then his youngest daughter came downstairs wearing a raiseen in her belly button and told her father she was going to the party as a raiseen cooky.

The harrassed father tore off his clothes and dashed out to the kitchen and got an egg beater. I don't know whether to shove this up mym--- and go as an out board motor or hold it in my hand and go as a Parker House Roll.

### A COUNTRY DOG NAMED RUNT.

A farmer's dog came into town, his Christian name was Runt,  
A noble pedigree had he, noblesse oblige his stunt,  
And as he wandered down the street 'twas beautiful to see  
His work on every corner, his work on every tree,  
He watered every gateway, too, and never missed a post,  
For ~~me~~ piddling was his specialty and piddling was his boast,  
The city curs looked on amazed with deep and jealous rage,  
To see a simple country dog the piddler of his age,  
And all the dogs from everywhere were summoned by a yell  
To sniff the country stranger o'er and judge him by his smell.

Some thought that he a king might be, beneath his tail a rose,  
And every city dog drew near to sniff it up his nose.  
They smelled him over one by one, they smelled him two by two,  
And noble Runt in high disdain stood still 'till they were through,  
Then just th show the whole she-bang he didn't give a damn  
He trotted to a grocery store and piddled on a ham,  
He piddled on a mackerel keg, he piddled on the floor,  
And when the grocer kicked him out he piddled on the door,

Behind him all the city dogs lined up with instinct true  
To start a piddling carnival and see the stranger through.  
They showed him every piddling post they had in all the town  
And started in with many a wink to pec the stranger down.  
They sent for champion pidders who were always on the go  
And sometimes did a piddle stunt or gave a piddling show.

They sprung these on him suddenly, when midway in the town--  
Runt only smiled an d polished off the ablest, white or brown.  
For Runt was with them every trick with vigor and with vim--  
A thousand pidders more or less were ell the same to him.  
So he was wetting merrily with hind leg kicking high,  
When most were hoisting legs in bluff and piddling mighty dry.  
On and on Runt sought new ground by piles of scrap and rust,  
'Till every city dog went dry and only piddled dust;  
And on and on went noble Runt as wet as any rill,  
And all the champion city pups were peed to a standstill.  
Then Runt did free-hand piddling with fancy flirts and flings,  
Like 'double-dip' and 'gimlet twist' and all those graceful  
things.

Yet all the time this country dog did never wink or grin  
But blithely piddled out of town as he had piddled in.  
The city dogs convention held to ask "what did defeat us?"  
But no one ever put them wise that Runt has diabetes.

TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES

The Virginia Electric & Power Company recently received the following letter from a disgruntled rider, who lives on Cadillac Blvd. Near E. Jefferson.

The Virginia Electric & Power Company  
Portsmouth, Virginia

Gentlemen:

I have been riding your cars for the past ten years and the service seems to be getting worse every day (If this is possible).

I think the transportation you offer is worse than that enjoyed by people 1000 years ago.

Yours very truly,

Phillip McCann, Jr.

The following letter was sent to Mr. McCann by the Virginia Electric and Power Company:

Mr. Phillip McCann, Jr.  
Cadillac Blvd.  
Portsmouth, Virginia

Dear Sir:

We received your letter of the first Inst. and believe that you are somewhat confused in your history. The only means of transportation a thousand years ago was on foot.

Yours very truly,  
Virginia Electric and Power Company  
Portsmouth, Va.

To this letter Mr. McCann made the following reply:

The Virginia Electric and Power Co.  
Portsmouth, Va.

Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of your letter of January 8 and think that you are the one that is confused in your history. If you read the Bible, Chapter of David, 9th verse, you will find that Aaron rode into town on his ass.

This is something I haven't been able to do on your Busses in the past six or seven years.

Yours truly,  
Phillip McCann, Jr.

## WOMEN'S SUPERIORITY

From 20 to 30 if a man lives right  
It's once in the morning and once in the night  
From 30 to 40 if a man lives right  
He leaves off the morning and sometimes the night  
From 40 to 50 its just now and then  
From 50 to 60, it's God knows when  
From 60 to 70, if he's still inclined  
Don't let him kid you, it's all in his mind .

With women it's different: it's morning and night  
Regardless of color - Black or white;  
Age counts no figure - they are always inclined;  
Nothing to get ready, not even their mind  
So after all is said and done,  
A man at 60 has completed his run  
A women at 60 (and figures don't lie)  
Can still enjoy nature, till it's time to die.

## IPPERHOPIA

A curse upon those who mix science with clothes  
Improvements on pants is the cause of my woes,  
For my sweetheart has left me since Sa. nite  
Sartorial splendor gave birth to my plight.

It was dark in the hallway, the lady was willing,  
We were ready for action, not eeing or billing,  
When right at the crux where I should be most chipper  
God dam it, my pecker got caught in my zipper.

Oh, woe to each genius of cog wheels and cam  
And woe to the men who apply all such shams,  
Mechanical skill is alright for the wise,  
But its painful as hell when adapted to flies.

My sweethear hasleft me and hopes that I raast  
She says that I failed when she needed me most  
God knows that I never intended to gyp her  
God dam it, my pecker got caught in my zipper.

So, woe to all tailors who meddle with science,  
And woe the the gadgets that woe our reliance,  
Mash&shet Machines are all right for the technical guys,  
Bur they're painful as hell when they're sewed into flies.

Dear Madam:

We have been handed you name by your Air Raid Warden, one who is  
interested in being appointed women Mail Carrier in your city.

I regret exceedingly, that I can not comply with your request for the  
following reasons:

1. Ladies do not carry male bags.
2. Ladies are liable to miss carry
3. Ladies are frequently irregular in making their monthly reports
4. Ladies are from 7 to 9 months in making deliveries.  
Ladies frequently get male matters mixed up in their drawers
5. Ladies handling male bags often cause&hd hard feelings.

However the most important is that we do want any splits in the Democratic

Very truly yours,

James Farley (Postmaster General)

When I became 14 I first began to notice girls. Up to that time they had not meant a thing in my young life. Then one day, I was in class and the teacher, a pretty young redhead, asked me to help her after school in putting up decorations for a parents' visit that night.

We were putting up posters and pictures and stuff and talking. She got up on a chair to hang something on the wall. I held the chair so it would not tip. As she stretched up her skirt rose and I got a very good view of her pretty legs and thighs. I could not help myself but I put out my hand and caressed the back of one leg. She looked down and tsked at me, but didn't stop me from stroking her leg. Then she got down and as she went by me, her hand rubbed against my pants and my stirring prick. This made it get hard and stiff. When we finished, she offered to drive me home. In the car she sat so that her skirt hiked up over her knees to the tops of her hose. My prick was hard and throbbing. She looked at me and at my pants and she knew what was happening.

She took my hand and put it on her shapely thigh and told me to stroke her leg as she drove. I really got a lot of pleasure in stroking her warm and firm thigh. She drove to her place and asked me to come in. Inside she told me to sit on the couch and she went to the bedroom. Soon she came back, in a very thin revealing gown. Boy, I could see her breasts and the hair between her legs. She sat beside me and began to feel and massage my prick through my pants. She was a little astonished at its apparent size and asked how big it was. I didn't know, so she unzipped my pants and took my prick out. She could put both hands around it and its head still stuck out over them.

I began to stroke her legs and between her thighs and after a few moments she took off her gown and made me strip. She put my head on her breasts and had me suck and lick their nipples. Wow, did they get hard. She was rubbing my prick and fondling my balls and feeling my ass. I put my hands behind her and felt her warm shapely ass. Since we standing this brought my body close to hers and she rubbed the head of my prick against the hair between her legs. I found that she had a slit and the head slid into it and she moved it up and down.

Then she lay on the floor and told me to get between her legs and lie on her body. In this position my prick lay on her slit. She reached down and steered it into her slit. To my surprise, it slid all the way in. She loved this and it felt good to me. Then she taught me how to move my ass back and forth so that my prick slid in and out of her moist and hot slit. She wiggled too and shortly we both had an orgasm. After a brief rest, she cleaned my Prick and herself and we dressed and she took me home.

I live with my brother and his wife, Sue, who is a very pretty blonde. When I went in the house, I found Sue in her panties and bra in the kitchen preparing dinner. It was the first time I had seen as unclothed as this and I was intrigued. I sat in the kitchen and talked with her and feasted my eyes on her shapely figure. Her panties were sheer and her blonde hair around her slit was clearly visible. Her bra was the best-- it was entirely transparent and her firm medium sized tits were as if they had no covering. I asked about Jim, my brother, and she told me that he was not coming home. He had gone for 3 days on a business trip. We ate in the kitchen where the table is glass topped. She sat with her legs slightly spread and close to the table so that her tits were almost resting on the tabletop. My poor prick was big and stiff as I ate and gazed at her. When she brought dessert, she stood beside me for a moment and I took a chance. I put my hand on her fanny and gently caressed it. She looked at me but didn't say a word. I offered to help with the dishes and she said that I could only if I did one thing. She insisted that I unzip my pants and let my prick dangle in the open while I dried dishes. Dangle was a poor word, because my cock was stiff and erect. I said ok and stood up and took out my prick. She just gulped as she saw it and its size. While I dried dishes, I would stand behind her and let my prick rest against her fanny.

Sue finished washing and as I tried to finish she stood close to me and began to play with and fondle my throbbing prick. Her squeezing and playing made it become thicker and even harder. As I finished she undid my pants and they dropped to the floor. She pulled down my shorts and my cock and big balls were in open sight. As she started to caress them, the door to the kitchen opened and her close friend, Amy, a red head and a very good looking chick from next door came in. Amy sort of tsked at teh sight, but she came on in and joined us when she saw the size of my tool. Amy took off her clothes and even made Sue take off her panties and bra. Then Amy led us to the den. There we sat on the couch and she made me feel their slits or cunts, as they played with my cock. Amy even showed me how to feel them up and showed me her cunt up close-- I saw her clitoris--about 1" long and Sue's which was half as long.

Amy insisted that I play with their clits (which looked like small erect pricks) and they both seemed to love my handling their clits. In a little while Amy bent over my lap and slid my big cock into her mouth and I shot off. She took the whole load and kept on sucking and licking it. Sue made her stop and said it was vile. Amy laughed and told Sue just to try it. She finally forced Sue's head down and steerd my softening cock into her soft mouth. Sue resisted but then began to lick and suck gently and slowly and my prick quickly hardened and after a little while I shot off in her mouth. She just kept on and didn;t want to stop. Amy told me to try something on Sue. She made Sue lean back and spread her legs and the lips of her cunt. Then she told me to lick and suck Sue's cunt and clit. Man that was exciting. Sue almots went wild and had an orgasm very quickly. After she had come, I sucked Amy's cunt while Sue played with my tools.

After Amy had an orgasm, she had me fuck them. First, she made Sue lie on the floor and spread her her sha!ely legs. Then she made me kneel between

An aviator's girl friend requested the qualifications that  
she must possess in order that she be satisfactory to him. He  
replies as follows:

Dear Hair Craft:

In reference to your letter, you must possess the following  
qualifications:

1. You must be trim, neat, well streamlined, built for speed and performance.
2. You shall have twin magnetos, with sensitive points, firm in position and neat in appearance.
3. You must allow me to use a feeler gauge and check your points at any time I wish to do so.
4. At such inspections the cowling will be removed so that a thorough inspection may be made.
5. Your cockpit will be well heated and snug at all times.
6. I will at no time wear a flying suit.
7. I will be the only pilot to enter your cockpit.
8. Under no conditions will any other pilot inspect your magnetos or make a test hop.
9. You will be allowed a few days each month for cleaning and reconditioning.
10. You will notify me as near as possible just when you will be out of commission.
11. After completing your week out of commission, you will notify at once so that I may inspect and test hop.
12. There will be no looseness in the joystick socket, and the tail surface will respond to the slightest movement of the joystick.
13. The fuselage and tail section will be kept clean and washed daily for my inspection.
14. You will always be prepared for a test or emergency hop.
15. I shall at no time find the motor cold but well warmed up before each hop.
16. At no time during the hop will foul gasses pass from your exhaust manifold.
17. Each hop must be thrilling and exciting with smooth performance.
18. You will notify me at each time a supply of oil is needed.
19. The fur trimming around the cockpit will be kept in a sanitary condition at all times.
20. You will see that all oil pumps are working properly and that all bearing surfaces are sufficiently supplied with oil.
21. Operating cost will be kept as low as possible and any minor detail will be left for you to handle.
22. You will be well rewarded for any improvement that I may find during inspections or test hops.

May there always be fair weather,

Your Aviator

WHOOSIS! JUST TOLD ME!

\*\*\*\*\*

Absolute knowledge, I have none..  
But my milkman's uncle's oldest son  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a laborer on the street  
That he had a letter last week,  
Written in the finest Greek,  
From a Vegetable man in Timbuctoo  
Who said that a dancer in Cuba knew  
Of a cowhand down in a Texas Town  
Who got it straight from a circus clown  
How a refugee recently docking in Philly  
Was told by a Swedish waitress named Milly  
That a certain society female rake  
Has a brother-in-law who'll undertake  
To prove that his third wife's old-maids niece  
Read somewhere in a columnist's piece  
That a Brooklyn lawyer's Wall Street fried  
Knows when the war is going to end.

Once there was a young man who had a golden screw in his navel. All his life he had had it, but he had never minded it too much until now. Now it bothered him, preventing him from doing pleasant things a young man can do while lying on his and someone else's stomachs. So he went to a doctor. The doctor looked, shook his head, said it wasn't a case for medicine, suggested the young man see a psychiatrist. The young man did. The psychiatrist said, yes, he could help the young man. How? Well, the young man must go home and dream. Dream what? the young man asked. "Go home," said the psychiatrist, "lie down on your back on your bed, and try to dream this dream - Through the open window of your bedroom will come a many-colored balloon. Attached to this balloon, by a silk string, will be a golden screwdriver. As the balloon drifts near you in your dream, you will reach up, take the golden screwdriver, use it to unscrew the golden screw in your navel. In the morning you will wake up, with the golden screw gone forever. You will be astonished, the way you feel." . . . The young man thought the advice strange, but decided to try anything. He went home. He lay down. He tried to dream, and he did dream. In came the beautiful balloon. He reached up, took off the golden screwdriver, unscrewed the golden screw in his navel, and then slept like a child until morning. When he woke, he felt wonderful. He lay there, looked down, saw the golden screw was gone - it had happened as he was told it would. After a moment or two, the young man got up, stretched, started to stride confidently toward the open window, and his ass fell off.

I take pity on him and too give myself an extra thrill get down on my knees and let him fuck me. When I do it doesn't take him long to mount me real doggy fashion. With my pussy already wet with cream his pointed liktle pecker has no trouble slipping into me. It only goes in about four inches though, and if I depended on that I would never be satisfied. So I never give him a little fuck until he has well satisfied me with his tongue. It doesn't take him long to get rid of his stuff. That gives me some pleasure for I have the feel of his hot juice in me and would you believe it when he comes his prick sweels away up like a ball on the end, which feels great.

So that, Iola, is what your letter did to me tonight, and I just had to sit right down and tell you about it. I feel so languid and satisfied now though from the good job Wang did that I wanted to go right to bed and to sleep, without writing but I thought that inasmuch as your letter gave me such a pleasant evening it deserved an immediate reply.

As the radio announcer says; "and so until the next time."

Lovingly,

Betty.

## COLORED PREACHER'S SERMON

Immediately after dis here sermon, dere will be  
a meetin' of one adult and one adultrress.

Tuesday evenin' dere will be a meeting of de Ladies'  
Society to give a ice cream supper, and all ladies who  
are giving milk come early Wednesday at 6:30 o'clock.

De Ladies Literary Society will join in with Sister  
Johnson and sing, "Put Me to Sleep in My Little Bed",  
to be accompanied by de minister.

Thursday evenin' dere will be baptism services at de  
north and de south end of town. De ladies will be bap-  
tized at both ends.

Friday evenin' at 7:30 dere will be a meetin' of the  
"Little Mothers". All good sisters wishin' to become  
Little Mothers will meet the pastor in his study at  
this here hour.

In reply, address  
Commandant, Norfolk Navy Yard  
Portsmouth, Va.

NORFOLK NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Refer to \_\_\_\_\_  
File No. X 152

This man had not been to the johnny in weeks, so he became very distressed and went to the drugstore to get a remedy.

The druggist gave him a tablespoon of Crotan oil and told him to come back to see him the next day and tell him if it did him any good.

Nothing happened, so the man went back the next day. This time the druggist became very worried and gave him three large tablespoons of Crotan oil.

The next day the man was not only non-productive but was scared stiff, so he went back again. The druggist gave him the whole bottle of Crotan oil and he drank it all at once.

"That ought to do it," said the druggist, "and if it doesn't, telephone me by afternoon and I'll send you to the hospital."

"All right," said the man, and he walked on down the street.

After he had gone a couple of blocks, a man stopped him and asked him the way to the drugstore.

"It won't be hard to find from here," said the man, "Just follow that little brown line and it will take you right there."



This old Indian had the same trouble and he finally went to a drugstore to get himself cured. He told the druggist who gave him a dose of C. oil and told him to come back the next day and tell him if he had moved.

NORFOLK NAVY YARD  
PORTSMOUTH, VA

File No. X-5  
Recd. to

The next day the Indian went back.

"Have you moved yet," asked the druggist.

"Me no move," said the Indian.

The druggist then gave him half a glass of Crotan oil and sent him home with instructions to report the next day and tell him how it went. The next day the Indian came back.

"Did you move today?" asked the druggist.

"Me no move," said the Indian.

This time the druggist gave him the entire bottle and told him to come back again the next day.

The next day the Indian came back, holloweyed, and weak in the knees.

"Moved yet," asked the druggist, who by this time was really worried.

"Me ---- upstairs, me ---- downstairs, me ---- all over damned village. Me move tomorrow."

X

Yours in this office since the bad news he said  
He told the druggist to go to town to get some  
medicine for the Indian.

I HATE MEN

I hate men because they take me to Alleys, dances and bed-  
rooms; they press me and feel me all over with their hands.  
After they get me hot they hold me to their lips and drag  
the life out of me. And after they get what they want  
they throw me aside. Then I'm only good for tramps. Why  
should they take advantage of my white body? After all,  
I'm only a little cigarette.

SO YOU DON'T LIKE TEXAS

This is your first trip to Texas. You have been here a few weeks and you are more than ready to go home. Texans are all right, but you just cannot get along with them. The fact is that they get into your hair, and you are annoyed because you let them.

You have been taught that if a thing needs to be done, then do it right now. Texans are a little different. They reason that if you wait until tomorrow or next year, maybe you will not have to do it. It usually works out that way, especially if there is somebody like you around all fired up to do it right now. Which is all right with Texas.

A native Texan would rather sit down and talk it over than get the job done. He likes to talk, and after he has told you his family history, he sits back expectantly, eager to hear you tell yours. If you fail to reciprocate, you are not friendly and, therefore, queer. After patient prodding, if he still gets no results, he diagnoses your case. You are just a damnyankee, which means that you hailed from somewhere north of Red River. Lots of "furriners" from up nawth are real folks once you get to know them; but they are all a little "standoffish" at first.

To you, the "furriner" from up nawth (which may mean that you are from Kentucky or California), Texans seem nosey. It isn't that you have anything to hide, but you wonder why anyone should be so interested in things which are strictly none of his business.

There is only one way you can ruffle the easy-going Texan. Ruffle him! You will make him fighting mad if you persist in it. That one thing is to try to change him, to teach him to become like you. He does not want to be like you. He confidently expects to live to put flowers on the graves of people like you, and he usually does. He reasons that if you don't like this country, you can go back where you came from. And sure enough you do.

Or maybe you don't. Possibly circumstances detain you a while longer, an unwilling guest, in friendly Texas. What happens? Do you continue trying to change Mr. and Mrs. Texas into a perfect composite of Messrs. and Mesdames Massachusetts, Maine, Michigan, and Montana? No. You realize you might as well try to change the miles of grassy plains into a range of snow-capped peaks.

So you admit - a bit grimly, perhaps - that Texans are Texans and that is that. And since you cannot change them, you must make the necessary adjustments to get along peaceably with them. But how? The answer is simple. Be yourself and allow them to be themselves. Do your job as it should be done when it should be done, and let their jobs go undone unless that interferes with your own work. In that instance, you may prod the native gently, and if he does not respond, then do your job and his too. He will smile tolerantly and think you are a sap.

And you? In time, you will be his boss. He may resent it for a day or an hour, but no longer. After all, if you want to work yourself to an early grave for the sake of a few extra dollars or a little added glory - well, it's a free country.

As his boss, you will realize that you cannot drive him. You cannot even lead him without slowing down, and that would be fatal to anyone geared as high as you. So you leave him somewhere behind. And when you go, he will give you a surprise party with presents. You are so deeply touched that you are embarrassed, and to hide your feelings you are brusque. But your Texas friends do not hold that against you because they have learned from experience that you are a square shootin' guy even though you have never learned to let your hair down.

With your drive, your success in Texas is assured. At the height of that success, you take a trip back home. You rush out to see old friends, to give them the glad hand. The first fellow you meet seems a bit cold, not half as glad to see you as you are to see him. It could not be that he is jealous of your success. No, impossible! He must be worried about something. Perhaps you were not sufficiently interested in him and his business. Should you look him up again, ask some friendly questions?

You meet some other friends, and they are all alike, lacking in warmth and friendliness. None of them have done as well as you, doubtless due to the stiff competition in that country. But they should not resent your success. No, jealousy was not the answer. But what?

Disappointed in your vacation, you return to Texas, and feel a glow at the prospect of getting back into the old harness. Your Texas friends and acquaintances welcome you back, give you the glad hand; they say they missed you, asked interested questions, hope you had a nice trip. You are grateful for their interest, flattered by their warm welcome.

Alone you ponder. What was the matter with the old friends back home? Don't you know? They are the way you used to be. You are a Texan now!

(Holland's)